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UNDER THE PANSIES.

ACROSS the kirkyard path I go ;
The air is delicate and sweet ;
Yet, somehow, as I pass, the blood
Subdues its fervour and its heat,
For there's a grave beside the tower,
And there are pansies at my feet.

A little grave, cut off from all,
On which the rounding shadow falls ;
Close guarded by a willow tree,
From whose green core the shilfa calls ;
And where, when summer eve is low,
The mavis pipes sweet madrigals.

It was a brief, mysterious life —
Her life, whom late we buried here ;
It saw the promise of the spring,
But not the harvest of the year ;
The sweet head drooped beneath the sun,
Ere yet the sun had turned it sere.

A spirit entered at our door,
In fairest vestiments of clay ;
The lamp was lit, the board was spread,
And we entreated it to stay ;
But, voiceless as the phantom came,
So voicelessly it passed away.

It knew us not — we knew it not ;
How could we hope to penetrate
The robe of perfect silence which
Upon its limbs unwrinkled sate —
The robe whose borders caught the sheen
That glows beneath the folded gate ?

Weak words were ours — vague forms of
thought,
Which wrestled with the striving sense ;
Her solemn eyes looked straight in ours —
The pure lids raised in fair suspense ;
Our language was the speech of flesh ;
And hers the angel's reticence.

Yet, when the starry Christmas morn
Came, and with one reluctant sigh,
She cast her gentle weeds aside,
And, silent, passed into the sky,
We wept, though knowing we had given
A hostage to eternity.

And here we laid her, underneath
The quiet of the changing skies,
And filled the mould with pansy roots —
For pansies typify her eyes —
Ours — not the eyes that guide her wings,
From tree to tree, in Paradise.

'She did not know us — O so young! —
She would not answer smile or call ;
But Heaven which sealed her baby mouth
Ordains the flower's life and fall ;
And, in its stainless vision, yet,
Our darling may remember all.

Chambers' Journal.

[An Unpublished Poem.]

LOVE.

THOU art too hard for me in Love,
There is no dealing with Thee in that Art :
That is Thy Master-peece I see
When I contrive and plott to prove
Something that may be conquest on my part,
Thou still O Lord outstrippst mee.

Sometimes, when as I wash, I say
And shrodelly, as I think, Lord wash my soule,
More spotted then my Flesh can bee.
But then there comes into my way
Thy ancient baptism wch when I was foule
And knew it not, yet cleansed mee.

I took a time when Thou didst sleep
Great waves of trouble combating my brest :
I thought it braue to praise Thee then,
Yet then I found that Thou didst creep
Into my hart with ioye, giving more rest
Than flesh did Lend Thee, back agen.

Let mee but once the conquest have
Vpon ye matter, 'twill Thy conquest prove :
If Thou subdue mortalitie,
Thou dost no more than doth ye graue :
Whereas if I orecome Thee and Thy Love
Hell, Death and Divel come short of mee.

GEO. HERBERT.

EVEN-SONG.

THE Day is spent, and hath his will on mee :
I and ye Sunn haue runn our races.
I went ye slower, yet more paces,
Ffor I decay, not hee.

Lord, make my Loss vp, and sett mee free
That I who cannot now by day
Look on his daring brightnes, may
Shine then more bright then hee.

If thou deferr this light, then shadow mee :
Least that the Night, earth's gloomy shade
Ffouling her nest, my earth invade :
As if shades knew not Thee.

But Thou art Light and darkness both to-
geather :
If that bee dark we cannot see :
The sunn is darker then a Tree,
And Thou more dark then either.

Yet Thou art not so dark since I know this,
But that my darknes may touch Thine :
And hope, that may teach it to shine
Since Light Thy darknes is.

O Lett my Soule, whose keyes I must deliver
Into the hands of senceles dreames,
Wch know not Thee, suck in Thy beames
And wake with Thee for euer.

GEO. HERBERT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

SECOND LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE,
MARCH 29, 1873.

IF we want to understand the history of the Norman Conquest, the Reformation, the French Revolution, or any other great crisis in the political, religious, and social state of the world, we know that we must study the history of the times immediately preceding those momentous changes. Nor shall we ever understand the real character of a great philosophical crisis unless we have made ourselves thoroughly familiar with its antecedents. Without going so far as Hegel, who saw in the whole history of philosophy an unbroken dialectic evolution, it is easy to see that there certainly is a greater continuity in the history of philosophic thought than in the history of politics, and it therefore seemed to me essential to dwell in my first Lecture on the exact stage which the philosophical struggle of our century had reached before Mr. Darwin's publications appeared, in order to enable us to appreciate fully his historical position, not only as an eminent physiologist, but as the restorer of that great empire in the world of thought which claims as its founders the glorious names of Locke and Hume. It might indeed be said of Mr. Darwin what was once said of the restorer of another empire, "Il n'est pas parvenu, il est arrivé." The philosophical empire of Locke and Hume had fallen under the blows of Kant's *Criticism of pure Reason*. But the successors of Kant — Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel — disregarding the checks by which Kant had so carefully defined the legitimate exercise of the rights of Pure Reason, indulged in such flights of transcendent fancy, that a reaction became inevitable. First came the violent protest of Schopenhauer, and his exhortation to return to the old fundamental principles of Kant's philosophy. These, owing to their very violence, passed unheeded. Then followed a complete disorganization of philosophic thought, and this led in the end

to a desperate attempt to restore the old dynasty of Locke and Hume. During the years immediately preceding the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1860) and his *Descent of Man*, the old problems which had been discussed in the days of Berkeley, Hume, and Kant, turned up again in full force. We had to read again that sensuous impressions were the sole constituent elements of the human intellect; that general ideas were all developed spontaneously from single impressions; that the only difference between sensations and ideas was the faintness of the latter; that what we mean by substance is only a collection of particular ideas, united by imagination, and comprehended by a particular name; * and that what we are pleased to call our mind, is but a delusion, though who the deluder is and who the deluded, would seem to be a question too indiscreet to ask.

But the principal assault in this struggle came from a new quarter. It was not to be the old battle over again, we were told; but the fight was to be carried on with modern and irresistible weapons. The new philosophy, priding itself, as all philosophies have done, on its positive character, professed to despise the endless argumentations of the schools, and to appeal for evidence to matter of fact only. Our mind, whether consisting of material impressions or intellectual concepts, was now to be submitted to the dissecting knife and the microscope. We were shown the nervous tubes, afferent and efferent, through which shocks from without pass on to sensitive and motive cells; the commissural tubes holding these cells together were laid bare before us; the exact place in the brain was pointed out where the messages from without were delivered; and it seemed as if nothing were wanting but a more powerful lens to enable us to see with our own eyes how, in the workshop of the brain, as in a photographic apparatus, the pictures of the senses and the ideas of the intellect were being turned out in endless variety.

* Hume, *Treatise on Human Nature*, book i. sec. i. p. 33.

And this was not all. The old stories about the reasoning of animals, so powerfully handled in the school of Hume, were brought out again. Innumerable anecdotes that had been told from the time of Aelian to the days of Reimarus, were told once more, in order to show that the intellect of animals did not only match, but that in many cases it transcended the powers of the human intellect. One might have imagined oneself living again in the days of La Mettrie, who having published his work, *Man, a Machine*, followed it up by another work, *Brutes, more than Machines*. It is true there were some philosophers who protested energetically against reopening that question, which had been closed by common consent, and which certainly ought not to have been reopened by positive philosophers. For if there is a *terra incognita* which excludes all positive knowledge, it is the mind of animals. We may imagine anything we please about the inner life, the motives, the foresight, the feelings and aspirations of animals — we can *know* absolutely nothing. How little analogy can help us in interpreting their acts is best proved by the fact, that a philosopher like Descartes could bring himself to consider animals as mere machines, while Leibniz was unwilling to deny to them the possession of immortal souls. We need not wonder at such discrepancies, considering the nature of the evidence. What can we know of the inner life of a mollusc? We may imagine that it lives in total darkness, that it is hardly more than a mass of pulp; but we may equally well imagine that, being free from all the disturbances produced by the impressions of the senses, and out of the reach of all those causes of error to which man is liable, it may possess a much truer and deeper insight into the essence of the Absolute, a much fuller apprehension of eternal truths than the human soul. It may be so, or it may not be so, for there is no limit to an anthropomorphic interpretation of the life of animals. But the tacit understanding, or rather the clear compromise, established among the philosophers of the last century, and declaring the old battle-field, on which so

much useless ink had been shed over the question of the intellect of animals, to be for ever neutralized, ought hardly to have been disturbed, least of all by those who profess to trust in nothing but positive fact.

Nor do I think that philosophers would have allowed the reopening of the flood-gates of animal anthropomorphism if it had not been for the simultaneous rise of Mr. Darwin's theories. If it can be proved that man derives his origin genealogically, and, in the widest sense of the word, historically, from some lower animal, it is useless to say another word on the mind of man being different from the mind of animals. The two are identical, and no argument would be required any longer to support Hume's opinions; they would henceforth rest on positive facts. This shows the immense importance of Mr. Darwin's speculations in solving, once for all, by evidence that admits of no demurrer, the long-pending questions between man and animal, and, in its further consequences, between mind and matter, between spiritualism and materialism, between Berkeley and Hume; and it shows at the same time that the final verdict on his philosophy must be signed, not by zoologists and physiologists only, but by psychologists also, nay, it may be, by German metaphysicians.

Few men who are not zoologists and physiologists by profession can have read Mr. Darwin's books *On the Origin of Species* and *On the Descent of Man* with deeper interest than I have, and with a more intense admiration of his originality, independence, and honesty of thought. I know of few books so useful to the student of the Science of Language, in teaching him the true method for discovering similarity beneath diversity, the general behind the individual, the essential hidden by the accidental; and helping him to understand the possibility of change by natural means. There may be gaps and flaws in the genealogical pedigree of organic life, as drawn by Mr. Darwin and his followers; there may or there may not be a possibility of resisting their arguments when, beginning with a group of animals, boldly called "organisms with-

out organs,"* such as the *Bathybius Haeckelii*, they advance step by step to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom, and to the *primus inter primates*, man.

This is a point to be settled by physiologists; and if Carl Vogt may be accepted as their recognized representative and spokesman, the question would seem to be settled, at least so far as the savants of Europe are concerned. "No one," he says, "at least in Europe, dares any longer to maintain the independent and complete creation of species."† The reservation, "at least in Europe," is meant, as is well known, for Agassiz in America, who still holds out, and is bold enough to teach, "that the different species of the animal kingdom furnish an unexpected proof that the whole plan of creation was maturely weighed and fixed, long before it was carried out.‡ Professor Haeckel, however, the fiery apostle of Darwinism in Germany, speaks more diffidently on the subject. In his last work on *Kalkschwämme* (p. xii.), just published, he writes: "The majority, and among it some famous biologists of the first class, are still of opinion that the problem of the origin of species has only been reopened by Darwin, but by no means solved."

But, however that may be, and whatever modification Mr. Darwin's system may receive at the hands of professed physiologists, the honour of having cleared the Augean stable of endless species, of having explained many things which formerly seemed to require the interference of direct creation, by the slow action of natural causes, of having made us see the influence exercised by the individual on the family, and by the family on the individual, of having given us, in fact, a few really new and fresh ideas, will always remain his own.

In saying this, however, I do not wish to imply assent to Mr. Darwin's views on the development of all species; I only

wish to say that, in the presence of such high authorities, one ought to refrain from expressing an opinion, and be satisfied to wait. I am old enough to remember the equally authoritative statements of the most eminent naturalists with regard to the races of man. When my own researches on language and the intellectual development of man led me to the conclusion that, if we only had sufficient time (some hundreds of thousands of years) allowed us, there would be no difficulty in giving an intelligible account of the common origin of all languages, I was met with the assurance that, even hypothetically, such a view was impossible, because the merest tyro in anatomy knew that the different races of men constituted so many species, that species were the result of independent creative acts, and that the black, brown, red, yellow, and white races could not possibly be conceived as descended from one source. Men like Prichard and Humboldt, who maintained the possibility of a common origin, were accused of being influenced by extraneous motives. I myself was charged with a superstitious belief in the Mosaic ethnology. And why? Simply because, in the Science of Language, I was a Darwinian before Darwin; simply because I had protested against scientific as strongly as against theological dogmatism; simply because I wished to see the question of the possibility of a common origin of languages treated, at least, as an open question.* And what has happened now? All the arguments about hybridity, infertility, local centres, permanent types, are swept away under the powerful broom of development, and we are told that not only the different varieties of man, but monkeys, horses, cats, and dogs, have all one, or at the utmost four progenitors; nay, that "no living creature, in Europe at least, dares to affirm the independent creation of species." Under these circumstances it seems but fair to follow the old Greek rule of abstaining, and to wait whether in the prog-

* Haeckel, *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte*, p. 165.

† "Personne, en Europe au moins, n'ose plus soutenir la création indépendante et de toutes pièces des espèces." Quoted by Darwin, in his *Descent of Man*, vol. i. p. 1.

‡ See Durand, *Origines*, pp. 77, 78.

* See "The Possibility of a Common Origin of Language," in my letter to Bunsen "On the Turanian Languages," published in Bunsen's *Christianity and Mankind*, 1854.

ress of physical research the arguments of the evolutionists will really remain unanswerable and unanswered.

The two points where the system of Mr. Darwin, and more particularly of his followers, seems most vulnerable to the general student, are the beginning and the end. With regard to the beginning of organic life, Mr. Darwin himself has exercised a wise discretion. He does not, as we saw, postulate one primordial form, nor has he ever attempted to explain the first beginnings of organic life. He is not responsible, therefore, for the theories of his disciples, who either try to bridge over the chasm between inorganic and organic bodies by mere "Who knows?" or who fall back on scientific mythology; for to speak of self-generation is to speak mythologically.

Mr. Herbert Spencer writes thus in answer to Mr. Martineau, who had dwelt on the existence of this chasm between the living and the not-living as a fatal difficulty in the way of the general doctrine of evolution: "Here again our ignorance is employed to play the part of knowledge: the fact that we do not know distinctly how an alleged transition has taken place, is transformed into the fact that no transition has taken place."

The answer to this is clear. Why allege a transition, if we do not know anything about it? It is in alleging such a transition that we raise our ignorance to the rank of knowledge. We need not say that a transition is impossible, if impossible means inconceivable; but we ought not to say either that it is possible, unless we mean by possible no more than conceivable.

Mr. Spencer then continues: "Merely noting this, however, I go on to remark that scientific discovery is day by day narrowing the chasm. Not many years since it was held as certain that chemical compounds distinguished as organic could not be formed artificially. Now, more than a thousand organic compounds have been formed artificially. Chemists have discovered the art of building them up from the simpler to the more complex; and do not doubt that they will eventually produce the most complex. Moreover, the phenomena attending isomeric change give a clue to those movements which are the only indications we have of life in its lowest forms. In various colloidal substances, including the albumenoid, isomeric change is accompanied by contraction or expansion, and consequent motion; and in such primor-

dial types as the *Protozoa* of Haeckel, which do not differ in appearance from minute portions of albumen, the observed motions are comprehensible as accompanying isomeric changes caused by variations in surrounding physical actions. The probability of this interpretation will be seen on remembering the evidence we have, that in the higher organisms the functions are essentially effected by isomeric changes from one to another of the multitudinous forms which protein assumes."

This is, no doubt, very able pleading on the part of an advocate, but I doubt whether it would convince Mr. Spencer himself, as a judge. I see no narrowing of the chasm between inorganic and organic bodies, because certain substances, called organic, have lately been built up in the laboratory. These so-called organic substances are not living bodies, but simply the secretions of living bodies. The question was not, whether we can imitate some of the productions turned out of the laboratory of a living body, but whether we can build up a living body.

Secondly, unless Mr. Spencer is prepared to maintain that life is nothing but isomeric change, the mere fact that there is an apparent similarity between the movements of the lowest of living bodies and the expansion and contraction produced in not-living substances by isomeric change, carries no weight. Even though the movements of the *Protozoa* *Haeckelii* were in appearance the same as those produced in chemical substances by isomeric change, no one knows better than Mr. Spencer, that life is not merely movement, but that it involves assimilation, oxidation and reproduction, at least reproduction by fission. No chemist has yet produced albumen, much less a *moneres*; and till that is done we have as much right to protest against the hypothetical admission of a transition from no-life into life as Mr. Spencer would have to protest against the assertion that such a transition is impossible.

By the frequent repetition of such words as *generatio spontanea*, *autogony*, *plasmogony*, *Urzeugung*, and all the rest, we get accustomed to the sound of these words, and at last imagine that they can be translated into thought. But the Science of Language teaches us that it is always dangerous to do violence to words. Self-generation is self-contradictory; for as long as we use generation in its original sense, it is impossible that the object of generation should be the

same as the subject. Why, therefore, use the word generation? We should never venture to say that a man was his own father or his own son; and if anyone believes that the production of life is possible by means of purely mechanical combinations, a new word should be coined for this new idea. What is really intended, is a complete reformation of the two concepts of organic and inorganic substance, of lifeless and living bodies. The two are no longer to be considered as mutually exclusive, but as co-ordinate, and both subordinate to some higher concept. Life may hereafter be discovered as the result of a chemical combination* of given substances; a peculiar mode of force or being, dependent on ascertainable conditions, and analogous to heat and electricity. Or it may be proved that millions of years ago the chemical state of the earth was different, and that what is impossible now in our laboratories was possible then in the primeval laboratory of nature. But, for the present, it seems to me a violation of the fundamental laws of scientific research, were we to use such an hypothesis as a real explanation of the problem of life, or were we to attempt to use *autogony* as a real word. The origin of life is as unknown to us as it was to Zoroaster, Moses, or Vasishtha; and Mr. Darwin shows a truly Kantian spirit in abstaining from any expression of opinion on this old riddle of the world.

But while with regard to the first point, viz. the beginning of life, Mr. Darwin would seem to hold a neutral position, we shall see that with regard to the second point, viz. the development of some higher animal into man, Mr. Darwin is responsible himself. He feels convinced that, if not lineally, at all events laterally, man is the descendant of an ape. Much stress has lately been laid on this, as a kind of salve to our wounded pride, that man need not consider himself as the lineal descendant of any living kind of ape.† We might, indeed, if we had any feelings of reverence for our ancestors, hope to discover their fossil bones in the tertiary strata of Southern Asia and Africa, but we need not be afraid of ever meeting them face to face, even in a South African congregation. I confess I do not see that this constitutes any real difference, nay, the statement that man is *only* laterally, not

lineally, descended from a catarrhine ape, seems to me to rest on a complete confusion of thought.

Supposing the first ancestor of all living beings to have been a *Moneres*, as Haeckel tells us, and that this moneres developed into an *Amæba*, and that the *Amæba*, after passing through sixteen* more stages of animal life, emerged as a *Prosimia*, a half-ape, which *Prosimia* became a *Menocerca*, or tailed ape, then an *Anthropoid* ape, like the gorilla, then a *Pithecanthropus* or an ape-man, till at last the ape-man (a purely mythological being) begat a man; surely, in that case, man is the lineal descendant of an ape, though his first ancestor was the small speck of protoplasm, called a *Moneres*, that has not yet reached even the dignity of a cell.† The admission of hundreds and thousands of intermediate links between the gorilla and man would not make the smallest difference, as long as the genealogical continuity is not broken. Even if we represented to ourselves the genealogical tree of the animal family as a real tree, sending out by gemmation leaves and branches, representing the different species of animals from the *amæba* to the ape, and developing its leader into man, we should gain nothing; for if the primordial moneres is our common ancestor, all his descendants are brothers; all have, strictly speaking, some molecule of that living substance which existed in the first living individual; all are liable, therefore, to the capricious working of an unsuspected atavism.

Nor do I see any necessity for softening the true aspect of Darwin's theory, or disguising its consequences. The question is not whether the belief that animals so distant as a man, a monkey, an elephant, and a humming bird, a snake, a frog, and a fish could all have sprung from the same parents is monstrous;‡ but simply and solely, whether it is true. If it is true, we shall soon learn to digest it. Appeals to the pride or humility of man, to scientific courage or religious piety, are all equally out of place. If it could be proved that our bodily *habitat* had not been created in all its perfection from the first, but had been allowed to develop for ages before it became fit to hold a human soul, should we have any right to complain? Do we complain of the injustice or indignity of

* Strauss, p. 171.

† Haeckel, p. 577.

* Ib. p. 578.

† Haeckel, p. 168.

‡ Darwin, *Descent*, vol. 1. p. 203.

our having individually to be born or to die? of our passing through the different stages of embryonic life, of our being made of dust, that is, of exactly the same chemical materials from which the bodies of animals are built up? Fact against fact, argument against argument, that is the rule of scientific warfare, a warfare in which to confess oneself convinced or vanquished by truth is often far more honourable than victory.

But while protesting against these sentimental outcries, we ought not to allow ourselves to be intimidated by scientific clamour. It seems to me a mere dogmatic assertion to say* that it would be unscientific to consider the hand of a man or a monkey, the foot of a horse, the flipper of a seal, the wing of a bat, as having been formed on the same ideal plan! Even if "their descent from a common progenitor, together with their adaptation to diversified conditions," were proved by irrefragable evidence, the conception of an ideal plan would remain perfectly legitimate. If this one member could be so modified as to become in course of time a wing, a flipper, a hoof, or a hand, there is nothing unscientific, nothing unphilosophical in the idea that it may from the first have been intended for these later purposes and higher developments. Not every member has become a hand; and why? Three reasons only are admissible; either because there was for the hand a germ which, under all circumstances, would have developed into a hand only; or because there were outward circumstances which would have forced any member into the shape of a hand; or lastly, because there was from the beginning a correlation between that particular member and the circumstances to which it became adapted. I can understand the view of the evolutionist, who looks upon an organ as so much protoplasm, which, according to circumstances, might assume any conceivable form, and who treats all envolving circumstances as facts requiring no explanation; but I am not prepared to say that Kant's view is unphilosophical when he says: "Every change in a substance depends on its connection with and reciprocal action of other substances, and that *reciprocal action* cannot be explained, except through a Divine mind, as the common cause of both."† At all events the conception

that all these modifications in the ascending scale of animal life are the result of natural selection, transcends the horizon of our understanding quite as much as the conception that the whole creation was foreseen at once, and that what seems to us the result of adaptation through myriads of years, was seen as a whole from beginning to end by the wisdom and power of a creative Self. Both views are transcendent, both belong to the domain of faith; but if it were possible to measure the wonders of this universe by degrees, I confess that, to my mind, the self-evolution of a cell which contains within itself the power of becoming a man, or the admission of a protoplasm which in a given number of years would develop into a *homunculus* or a Shakespeare—nay, the mere formation of a *nucleus* which would change the moneres into an *amœba*, would far exceed in marvellousness all the speculations of Plato and the wonders of Genesis. The two extremes of scientific research and mythological speculation seem sometimes on the point of meeting; and when I listen to the language of the most advanced biologists, I almost imagine I am listening to one of the most ancient hymns of the Veda, and that we shall soon have to say again: "In the beginning there was the golden egg."

It is easy to understand that the Darwinian school, having brought itself to look upon the divers forms of living animals as the result of gradual development, should have considered it an act of intellectual cowardice to stop short before man. The gap between man and the higher apes is so very small, whereas the gap between the ape and the moneres is enormous. If, then, the latter could be cleared, how could we hesitate about the former? Few of those who have read Darwin or Haeckel could fail to feel the force of this appeal; and so far from showing a want of courage, those who resist it require really all the force of intellectual convictions to keep them from leaping with the rest. I cannot follow Mr. Darwin because I hold that this question is not to be decided in an anatomical theatre only. There is to my mind one difficulty which Mr. Darwin has not sufficiently appreciated, and which I certainly do not feel able to remove. There is between the whole animal kingdom on one side, and man, even in his lowest state, on the other, a barrier which no animal has ever crossed, and that barrier is—*Language*. By no effort of the

* *Descent*, vol. i. p. 32.

† Zeiler, *Geschichte der Deutschen Philosophie*, p. 413.

understanding, by no stretch of imagination, can I explain to myself how language could have grown out of anything which animals possess, even if we granted them millions of years for that purpose. If anything has a right to the name of *specific difference*, it is language, as we find it in man, and in man only. Even if we removed the name of specific difference from our philosophic dictionaries, I should still hold that nothing deserves the name of man except what is able to speak. If Mr. Mill * maintains that a rational elephant could not be called a man, all depends on what he means by rational. But it may certainly be said with equal, and even greater truth, that a speaking elephant or an elephantine speaker could never be called an elephant. I can bring myself to imagine with evolutionist philosophers that that most wonderful of organs, the eye, has been developed out of a pigmentary spot, and the ear out of a particularly sore place in the skin; that, in fact, an animal without any organs of sense may in time grow into an animal with organs of sense. I say I can imagine it, and I should not feel justified in classing such a theory as utterly inconceivable. But, taking all that is called animal on one side, and man on the other, I must call it inconceivable that any known animal could ever develop language. Professor Schleicher, though an enthusiastic admirer of Darwin, observed once jokingly, but not without a deep meaning, "If a pig were ever to say to me, 'I am a pig,' it would *ipso facto* cease to be a pig." This shows how strongly he felt that language was out of the reach of any animal, and the exclusive or specific property of man. I do not wonder that Mr. Darwin and other philosophers belonging to his school should not feel the difficulty of language as it was felt by Professor Schleicher, who, though a Darwinian, was also one of our best students of the Science of Language. But those who know best what language is, and, still more, what it presupposes, cannot, however Darwinian they may be on other points, ignore the *veto* which, as yet, that science enters against the last step in Darwin's philosophy. That philosophy would not be vitiated by admitting an independent beginning for man. For if Mr. Darwin admits, in opposition to the evolutionist *pur et simple*, four or five progenitors for the whole of the animal kingdom, which are most likely intended

for the *Radiata*, *Mollusca*, *Articulata*, and *Vertebrata*, there would be nothing radically wrong in admitting a fifth progenitor for man. As Mr. Darwin does not admit this, but declares distinctly that man has been developed from some lower animal, we may conclude that *physiologically* and *anatomically* there are no tenable arguments against this view. But if Mr. Darwin goes on to say * that in a series of forms graduating *insensibly* from some ape-like creature to man as he now exists, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point where the term "man" ought to be used, he has left the ground, peculiarly his own, where few would venture to oppose him, and he must expect to be met by those who have studied man, not only as an ape-like creature, which he undoubtedly is, but also as an un-ape-like creature, possessed of language, and of all that language implies.

My objections to the words of Mr. Darwin, which I have just quoted, are twofold: first, as to form; secondly, as to substance.

With regard to the form which Mr. Darwin has given to his argument, it need hardly be pointed out that he takes for granted in the premiss what is to be established in the conclusion. If there existed a series graduating *insensibly* from some ape-like creature to man, then, no doubt, the very fact that the graduation is *insensible* would preclude the possibility of fixing on any definite point where the animal ends and man begins. This, however, may be a mere slip of the pen, and might have been passed by unnoticed, if it were not that the same kind of argument occurs not unfrequently in the works of Mr. Darwin and his followers. Whenever the distance between two points in the chain of creation seems too great, and there is no chance of finding the missing links, we are told again and again that we have only to imagine a large number of intermediate beings, insensibly sloping up or sloping down, in order to remove all difficulty. Whenever I meet with this line of reasoning, I cannot help thinking of an argument used by Hindu theologians in their endeavours to defend the possibility and the truth of Divine revelation. Their opponents say that between a Divine Being, who they admit is in possession of the truth, and human beings who are to receive the truth, there is a gulf which nothing can bridge over; and they go on to say that, admitting that

* *Logic*, i. 38.

* I. 235.

Divine truth, as revealed, was perfect in the Revealer, yet the same Divine truth, as seen by human beings, must be liable to all the accidents of human frailty and fallibility. The orthodox Brahmins grow very angry at this, and, appealing to their sacred books, they maintain that there was between the Divine and the human a chain of intermediate beings, Rishis or seers, as they call them; that the first generation of these seers was, say, nine-tenths divine and one-tenth human; the second, eight-tenths divine and two-tenths human; the third, seven-tenths divine and three-tenths human; that each of these generations handed down revealed truth, till at last it reached the ninth generation, which was one-tenth divine and nine-tenths human, and by them was preached to ordinary mortals, being tenths, or altogether human. In this way they feel convinced that the gulf between the Divine and the human is safely bridged over; and they might use the very words of Mr. Darwin, that in this series of forms graduating *insensibly* from the Divine to the human, it is impossible to fix on any definite point where the term "man" ought to be used.

This old fallacy of first imagining a continuous scale, and then pointing out its indivisibility, affects more or less all systems of philosophy which wish to get rid of specific distinctions. That fallacy lurks in the word "Development," which is now so extensively used, but which requires very careful testing before it should be allowed to become a current coin in philosophical transactions. The admission of this insensible graduation would eliminate, not only the difference between ape and man, but likewise between black and white, hot and cold, a high and a low note in music: in fact, it would do away with the possibility of all exact and definite knowledge, by removing those wonderful lines and laws of nature which change the Chaos into a Kosmos, the Infinite into the Finite, and which enable us to count, to tell, and to know.

There have always been philosophers who have an eye for the Infinite only, who see All in One, and One in All. One of the greatest sages of antiquity, nay, of the whole world, Herakleitos (460 B.C.), summed up the experience of his life in the famous words, πάντα ῥεῖσι καὶ οὐδὲν μένει, "All is moving, and nothing is fixed," or as we should say, "All is growing, all is developing, all is evolving." But this view of the universe was met, it may be

by anticipation, by the followers of Pythagoras. When Pythagoras was asked what was the wisest of all things, he replied, "Number," and next to it, "He who gave names to all things." How should we translate this enigmatical saying? I believe, in modern philosophical language, it would run like this: "True knowledge is impossible without definite generalization or concepts (that is, number), and without definite signs for these concepts (that is, language)."

The Heraklitean view is now again in the ascendant. All is changing, all is developing, all is evolving. Ask any evolutionist philosopher whether he can conceive any two things so heterogeneous that, given a few millions of years and plenty of environment, the one cannot develop into the other, and I believe he will say, No. I do not argue here against this line of thought; on the contrary, I believe that in one sphere of mental aspirations it has its legitimate place. What I protest against is this, that in the sphere of exact knowledge we should allow ourselves to be deceived by inexact language. "Insensible graduation" is self-contradictory. Translated into English, it means graduation without graduation, degrees without degrees, or something which is at the same time perceptible and imperceptible. Millions of years will never render the distance between two points, however near to each other, imperceptible. If the evolutionist philosopher asks for a few millions of years, the specialist philosopher asks for eyes that will magnify a few million times, and the Bank which supplies the one will readily supply the other. Exact science has nothing to do with insensible graduation. It counts thousands of vibrations that make our imperfect ears hear definite tones; it counts millions of vibrations that make our weak eyes see definite colours. It counts, it tells, it names, and then it knows; though it knows at the same time that beyond the thousands and beyond the millions of vibrations there is that which man can neither count, nor tell, nor name, nor know, the Unknown, the Unknowable — ay, the Divine.

But if we return to Mr. Darwin's argument, and simply leave out the word "insensibly," which begs the whole question, we shall then have to meet his statement, that in a series of forms graduating from some ape-like creature to man as he now is, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point where the term "man" ought to be used. This

statement I meet by a simple negative. Even admitting, for argument's sake, the existence of a series of beings intermediate between ape and man—a series which, as Mr. Darwin repeatedly states, does not exist*—I maintain that the point where the animal ends and man begins could be determined with absolute precision, for it would be coincident with the beginning of the Radical Period of language, with the first formation of a general idea embodied in the only form in which we find them embodied, viz. in the roots of our language.

Mr. Darwin was, of course, not unprepared for that answer. He remembered the old pun of Hobbes, *Homo animal rationale, quia orationale* (Man is a rational animal, because he is an orational animal), and he makes every effort in order to eliminate language as something unattainable by the animal, as something peculiar to man, as a specific difference between man and beast. In every book on Logic, language is quoted as the specific difference between man and all other beings. Thus we read in Stuart Mill's *Logic*:† “The attribute of being capable of understanding a language is a *proprium* of the species man, since, without being connoted by the word, it follows from an attribute which the word does connote, viz. from the attribute of rationality.”

It is curious to observe how even Mr. Darwin seems, in some places, fully prepared to admit this. Thus he says in one passage,‡ “Articulate language is peculiar to man.” In former days we could not have wished for a fuller admission, for *peculiar* then meant the same as *special*, something that constitutes a species, or something which belongs to a person in exclusion of others. But in a philosophy which looks upon all living beings as developed from four or five primordial cells, there can, in strict logic, exist four or five really and truly peculiar characters only, and therefore it is clear that peculiar, when used by Mr. Darwin, cannot mean what it would have meant if employed by others. As if to soften the admission which he had made as to articulate language being peculiar to man, Mr. Darwin continues: “But man uses, in common with the lower animals, inarticulate cries to express his meaning, aided by gestures, and the movements of the muscles of the face.” No one would deny this. There are many things besides, which man shares in common

with animals. In fact, the discovery that man is an animal was not made yesterday, and no one seemed to be disturbed by that discovery. Man, however, was formerly called a “*rational animal*,” and the question is, whether he possesses anything peculiar to himself, or whether he represents only the highest form of perfection to which an animal, under favourable circumstances, may attain. Mr. Darwin dwells more fully on the same point, viz. on that kind of language which man shares in common with animals, when he says, “This holds good, especially with the more simple and vivid feelings, which are but little connected with our higher intelligence. Our cries of pain, fear, surprise, anger, together with their appropriate actions, and the murmur of a mother to her beloved child, are more expressive than any words.”

No doubt they are. A tear is more expressive than a sigh, a sigh is more expressive than a speech, and silence itself is sometimes more eloquent than words. But all this is not language, in the true sense of the word.

Mr. Darwin himself feels, evidently, that he has not said all; he struggles manfully with the difficulties before him; nay, he really represents the case against himself as strongly as possible. “It is not the mere power of articulation,” he continues, “that distinguishes man from other animals, for, as everyone knows, parrots can talk; but it is his large power of connecting *definite sounds with definite ideas*.”

Here, then, we might again imagine that Mr. Darwin admitted all we want, viz. that some kind of language is peculiar to man, and distinguishes man from other animals; that, supposing man to be, up to a certain point, no more than an animal, he perceived that what made man to differ from all other animals was something nowhere to be found except in man, nowhere indicated even in the whole series of living beings, beginning with the *Bathybius Haeckelii*, and ending with the tailless ape. But no; there follows immediately after, the finishing sentence, extorted rather, it seems to me, than naturally flowing from his pen, “This obviously depends on the development of the mental faculties.”

What can be the meaning of this sentence? If it refers to the mental faculties of man, then no doubt it may be said to be obvious. But if it is meant to refer to the mental faculties of the gorilla, then, whether it be true or not, it is, at

* *Descent*, i. p. 185.

† Vol. i. p. 180.

‡ I. p. 54.

all events, so far from being obvious, that the very opposite might be called so — I mean the fact that no development of mental faculties has ever enabled one single animal to connect one single definite idea with one single definite word.

I confess that after reading again and again what Mr. Darwin has written on the subject of language, I cannot understand how he could bring himself to sum up the subject as follows: "We have seen that the faculty of articulate speech in itself does not offer any insuperable objection to the belief that man has been developed from some lower animal" (p. 62).

Now the fact is that not a single instance has ever been adduced of any animal trying or learning to speak, nor has it been explained by any scholar or philosopher how that barrier of language, which divides man from all animals, might be effectually crossed. I do not mean to say that there are no arguments which might be urged, either in favour of animals possessing the gift of language, but preferring not to use it,* or as tending to show that living beings, to use the words of Demokritos, speak naturally, and in the same manner in which they cough, sneeze, bellow, bark, or sigh. But Mr. Darwin has never told us what he thinks on this point. He refers to certain writers on the origin of language, who consider that the first materials of language are either interjections or imitations; but their writings in no wise support the theory that animals also could, either out of their own barkings and bellowings, or out of the imitative sounds of mocking-birds, have elaborated anything like what we mean by language, even among the lowest savages.

It may be in the recollection of some of my hearers that, in my Lectures on the Science of Language, when speaking of Demokritos and some of his later followers, I called his theory on the origin of language the *Bow-wow* theory, because I felt certain that, if this theory were only called by its right name, it would require no further refutation. It might have seemed for a time, to judge from the protests that were raised against that name, as if there had been in the nineteenth century scholars holding this Demokritean theory in all its crudity. But it required but very little mutual explanation before these scholars perceived that there

was between them and me but little difference, and that all which the followers of Bopp insist on as a *sine quâ non* of scholarship is the admission of roots, definite in their form, from which to derive, according to strict phonetic laws, every word that admits of etymological analysis, whether in English and Sanskrit, or in Arabic and Hebrew, or in Mongolian and Finnish. For philological purposes it matters little, as I said in 1866, what opinion we hold on the origin of roots so long as we agree that, with the exception of a number of purely mimetic expressions, all words, such as we find them, whether in English or in Sanskrit, encumbered with prefixes and suffixes, and mouldering away under the action of phonetic decay, must in the last instance, be traced back, by means of definite phonetic laws, to those definite primary forms which we are accustomed to call roots. These roots stand like barriers between the chaos and the kosmos of human speech. Whoever admits the historical character of roots, whatever opinion he may hold on their origin, is not a Demokritean, does not hold that theory which I called the Bow-wow theory, and cannot be quoted in support of Mr. Darwin's opinion that the cries of animals represent the earliest stage of the language of man.

If we speak simply of the materials, not of the elements, of language — and the distinction between these two words is but too often overlooked — then, no doubt, we may not only say that the phonetic materials of the cries of animals and the languages of man are the same, but, following in the footsteps of evolutionist philosophers, we might trace the involuntary exclamations of men back to the inanimate and inorganic world. I quoted formerly the opinion of Professor Heyse, who appealed to the fact that most substances, when struck or otherwise set in motion, show a power of reaction manifested by their various rings, as throwing light on the problem of the origin of language; and I do not think that those who look upon philosophy as a "knowledge of the highest generalities" should have treated Professor Heyse with so much contempt.

But neither those who traced the material elements of language back to interjections and imitations, nor those who went farther and traced them back to the ring inherent in all vibrating substances, ought to have imagined for one moment that they had thus accounted for the real elements of language. We may account

* See Wundt, *Menschen-und Thierseele*, vol. ii. p. 265.

for the materials of many things, without thereby accounting for what they are, or how they came to be what they are. If we take, for instance, a number of flints, more or less carefully chipped and shaped and sharpened, and if we were to say that these flints are like other flints found by thousands in fields and quarries, this would be as true as that the materials for forming the words of our language are the same as the cries of animals, or, it may be, the sounds of bells. But would this explain the problem which we wish to explain? Certainly not. If, then, we were to go a step further, and say that apes had been seen to use flints for throwing at each other,* that they could not but have discovered that sharp-edged flints were the most effective, and would therefore have either made a natural selection of them, or tried to imitate them—that is to say, to give to other flints a sharp edge—what would antiquaries say to such heresies? And yet I can assure them that to say that no traces of human workmanship can be discovered in these flints,† that they in no wise prove the early existence of man, or that there is no insuperable objection to the belief that these flints were made by apes, cannot sound half so incongruous to them, as to a man who knows what language is made of being told that the first grammatical edge might have been imparted to our words by some lower animals, or that, the materials of language being given, everything else, from the neighing of a horse to the lyric poetry of Goethe, was a mere question of development.

It would not be fair, however, to disguise the fact that in his view that animals possess language, Mr. Darwin has some very powerful allies, and that in quarters where he would least expect to find them. Archbishop Whately writes: "Man is not the only animal that can make use of language to express what is passing in his mind, and can understand more or less what is so expressed by others."

But even with bishops and archbishops against me, I do not despair. I believe I have as high an opinion of the faculties of animals as Mr. Darwin, Archbishop Whately, or any other man—nay, I may perhaps claim some credit for myself for having, in my Lectures delivered in 1862, vindicated for the higher animals

more than ever was vindicated for them before.

But after reading the most eloquent eulogies on the intellectual powers and social virtues of animals—of which we have had a great deal of late—I always feel that all this and even much more might be perfectly true, and that it would yet in no way affect the relative position of man and beast.

Let us hear the most recent panegyrist: "To become man! Who should believe that so many, not only laymen, but students of nature, believe in God becoming man but consider it incredible that an animal should become man, and that there should be a progressive development from the ape to man? The ancient world, and even now the highest among the Eastern nations, thought and think very differently on this point. The doctrine of metempsychosis connects man and beast, and binds the whole world together by a mysterious cord. Judaism alone, with its hatred of nature deities, and dualistic Christianity, have made this rift between man and beast. It is remarkable how in our own time and among the most civilized nations a deeper sympathy for the animal world has been roused, and has manifested itself in the formation of societies for preventing cruelty towards animals, thus showing that what, on one side, is the result of scientific research, viz. the surrendering of the exclusive position of man in nature, as a spiritual being, is received at the same time as a general sentiment.

"Public opinion, however, and what I may call the old orthodox natural science, persist nevertheless in considering man and beast as two separate worlds which no bridge can ever connect, were it only because man is man in so far only as he from the beginning possesses something which the beast has not and never will have. According to the Mosaic account, God created the beasts, as it were, in a lump; but in the case of man, He first formed his body of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. This living soul of the old Jewish writers has afterwards been changed by Christianity into an immortal soul, a being different in kind and dignity from such other common souls as might be allowed to beasts. Or, the soul of man and beast being admitted to be the same, man was endowed in addition with a spirit, as the substantial principle of the higher intel-

* "The Pavians in Eastern Africa." See Caspari, *Urgeschichte*, i. p. 244.

† See *Whitley's Researches on Flints near Spiennes, in Belgium*.

lectual and moral faculties by which he is distinguished from the beast.

"Against all this," the writer continues, "we have now the fact of natural science which can no longer be ignored, viz. that the faculties of beasts differ from those of man in degree only, and not in kind. Voltaire said truly, 'Animals have sensation, imagination, memory, also desires and movements, and yet no one thinks of claiming for them an immaterial soul. Why should we, for our small surplus of these faculties and acts, require such a soul?' Now the surplus on the side of man is not indeed so small as Voltaire's rhetoric represents it; on the contrary, it is enormous. But for all that, it is a *plus* only, it is not something new. Even with animals of the lower orders it would take volumes, as Darwin says, to describe the habits and mental powers of an ant. The same with bees. Nay, it is remarkable that the more closely an observer watches the life and work of any class of animals, the more he feels inclined to speak of their understanding. The stories about the memory, the reflection, the faculties of learning and culture in dogs, horses, and elephants are infinite; and even in so-called wild animals similar qualities may be detected. Brehm, speaking of birds of prey, says: 'They act after having reflected; they make plans and carry them out.' The same writer says of thrushes: 'They perceive quickly and judge correctly; they use all means and ways to protect themselves.' Those varieties which have grown up in the quiet and undisturbed forests of the North are easily taken in; but experience soon makes them wise, and those who have once been deceived are not easily cheated a second time (therein they certainly differ from man). Even among men, whom they never trust completely, they know well how to distinguish between the dangerous and the harmless; they allow the shepherd to approach more nearly than the hunter. In the same sense Darwin speaks of the incredible degree of acuteness, caution, and cleverness on the part of the furry animals of North America, as being chiefly due to the constant snares and wiles of the hunter.

"Mr. Darwin tries particularly to show in the higher animals the beginning of moral sentiments also, which he connects with their social instincts. A kind of sense of honour and of conscience can hardly fail to be recognized in nobler

and well-bred horses and dogs. And even if the conscience of dogs has not unjustly been traced back to the stick, it may well be asked whether the case is very different with the lower classes of man. Those instincts in animals which refer to the education of their young; to the care, trouble, and sacrifices on their behalf, must be considered as the first germs of higher moral faculties. Here, as Goethe says, we see indicated in the animal the bud of what in man becomes a blossom."

So far the panegyrist; in reply to whom I can only say that, without doubting any of the extraordinary accounts of the intellect, the understanding, the caution, the judgment, the sagacity, acuteness, cleverness, genius, or even the social virtues of animals, the rules of positive philosophy forbid us to assert any thing about their instincts or intellectual faculties. We may allow ourselves to be guided by our own fancies or by analogy, and we may guess and assert very plausibly many things about the inner life of animals; but however strong our own belief may be, the whole subject is transcendent, i.e. beyond the reach of positive knowledge. We all admit that, in many respects, the animal is even superior to man. Who is there but at one time or other has not sighed for the wings of birds? Who can deny that the muscles of the lion are more powerful, those of the cat more pliant, than ours? Who can doubt that the eagle possesses a keener vision, the deer a sharper hearing, the dog a better scent than man? Who has not sometimes envied the bear his fur or the snail its house? Nay, I am quite prepared to go even farther, and if metaphysicians were to tell me that our senses only serve to distract the natural intuitions of the soul, that our organs of sense are weak, deceptive, limited, and that a mollusc, being able to digest without a stomach and to live without a brain, is a more perfect, certainly a more happy, being than man, I should bow in silence; but I should still appeal to one palpable fact — viz. that whatever animals may do or not do, *no animal has ever spoken*.

I use this expression advisedly, because as soon as we speak of language, we open the door to all kinds of metaphor and poetry. If we want to reason correctly, we must define what we mean by language. Now there are two totally distinct operations which in ordinary parlance go by the same name of language, but which should be distinguished most

carefully as *Emotional* and *Rational* language. The power of showing by outward signs what we feel, or, it may be, what we think, is the source of emotional language, and the recognition of such emotional signs, or the understanding of their purport, is no more than the result of memory, a resuscitation of painful or pleasant impressions connected with such signs. That emotional language is certainly shared in common by man and animals. If a dog barks, that may be a sign, according to circumstances, of his being angry or pleased or surprised. Every dog speaks that language, every dog understands it, and other animals too, such as cats or sheep, and even children, learn it. A cat that has once been frightened or bitten by a barking dog will easily understand the sound, and run away, like any other so-called rational being. The spitting of a cat, again, is a sign of anger, and a dog that has once had his eyes scratched by a cat would not be slow to understand that feline dialect, whenever he hears it in close proximity. The purring of a cat has a very different meaning, and it may be, as we have been told, like the murmuring of a mother to her beloved child. The subject of the emotional language of animals and man is endless, but we must leave it to the pen of the poet rather than of the philosopher.*

What, then, is the difference between *emotional* language and *rational* language? The very name shows the difference. Language, such as we speak, is founded on reason, reason meaning for philosophical purposes the faculty of forming and handling general concepts; and as that power manifests itself outwardly by articulate language only, we, as positive philosophers, have a right to say that animals, being devoid of the only tangible sign of reason which we know, viz. language, may by us be treated as irrational beings—irrational, not in the sense of devoid of observation, shrewdness, calculation, presence of mind, reasoning in the sense of weighing, or even genius, but simply in the sense of devoid of the power of forming and handling general concepts.

The distinction here made between emotional and rational language may seem fanciful and artificial to those who are not acquainted with the history and origin of language, but they have only to consult the works of modern physiolo-

gists and medical men to convince themselves that this distinction rests on what even they would admit to be a most solid basis. Dr. Hughlings Jackson, in some articles published in the *Medical Times and Gazette* for December 14 and 21, 1867, speaking of the disease of a particular part of the brain, says: "This disease may induce partial or complete defect of *intellectual* language, and not cause corresponding defect of *emotional* or *interjectional* language. The typical patient in this disease misuses words or cannot use words at all, to express his thoughts; nor can he express his thoughts by writing, or by any signs sufficiently elaborate to serve instead of vocal or written words; nor can he read books for himself. But he can smile, laugh, cry, sing, and employ rudimentary signs of gesticulation. So far as these means of communication serve, therefore, he is able to exhibit his feelings to those around him. He can copy writing placed before him, and, even without the aid of a copy, sign his own name. He understands what is said to him, is capable of being interested in books which are read to him, and remembers incidents and tales. Sometimes he is able to utter a word or words, which he cannot vary, and which he must utter if he speak at all, no matter on what occasion. When excited, he can swear, and even use elaborate formulæ of swearing.* (as, for example, 'God bless my life'), which have come by habit to be of only interjectional value.† But he cannot repeat such words and phrases at his own wish or at the desire of others. And as he is able to copy writing, so he can, when circumstances dictate, as it were, to him, give utterance to phrases of more special applicability. Thus a child being in danger of falling, one speechless patient, a woman, was surprised into exclaiming, 'Take care.' But in this, as in every other case, the patient remains perfectly incompetent to repeat at pleasure the phrase he has just used so appropriately, and has so distinctly uttered. . . . It would seem that the part of the brain affected in such cases is that which is susceptible of education to language, and which has been after the birth of the patient so educated. The effect of the disease, in relation to speech, is to leave the patient as if he

* Dr. Gairdner, *The Function of Articulate Speech*, 1866, p. 17.

† In another paper Dr. Jackson describes an oath extremely well as, "a phrase which emotion has filched from the intellect."

* See Darwin, *Descent*, vol. i. pp. 53, 54.

had never been educated at all to language, and had been born without the power of being so educated. The disease in question is an affection of but one side, the left side, of the brain." And again: "Disease of a particular region of the left cerebral hemisphere is followed by a complete or partial loss of power in the *naming* process, and by consequent inability to speak, even when all the machinery of voice and articulation recognized in anatomy remains unchanged."

The whole of this subject has of late been very fully examined, as may be seen in Dr. Bateman's book on Aphasia; and though one may feel doubtful as to the minute conclusions which Dr. Broca has drawn from his experiments, so much seems to me established: If a certain portion of the brain on the left side of the anterior lobe happens to be affected by disease, the patient becomes unable to use rational language; while, unless some other mental disease is added to aphasia, he retains the faculty of emotional language, and of communicating with others by means of signs and gestures.

In saying this, I shall not be suspected, I hope, of admitting that the brain, or any part of the brain, secretes rational language, as the liver secretes bile. My only object in referring to these medical observations and experiments was to show that the distinction between emotional and rational language is not artificial, or of a purely logical character, but is confirmed by the palpable evidence of the brain in its pathological affections. No man of any philosophic culture will look on the brain, or that portion of the brain which interferes with rational language, as the seat of the faculty of speech, as little as we place the faculty of seeing in the eye, or the faculty of hearing in the ear. That without which anything is impossible is not necessarily that by which it is possible. We cannot see without the eye, nor hear without the ear; perhaps we might say, we cannot speak without the third convolution of the left anterior lobe of the brain; but neither can the eye see without us, the ear hear without us, the third convolution of the left anterior lobe of the brain speak without us. To look for the faculty of speech in the brain would, in fact, be hardly less Homeric than to look for the soul in the midriff.

This distinction between *emotional* and *rational* language is, however, of great importance, because it enables us to see clearly in what sense man and beast may

be said to share the gift of language in common, and in what sense it would be wrong to say so. Interjections, for instance, which constitute a far more important element in conversation than in literary composition, are emotional language, and they are used by beasts as well as by men, particularly by a man in a passion, or on a low scale of civilization. But there is no language, even among the lowest savages, in which the vast majority of words is not rational. If, therefore, Mr. Darwin (p. 35) says that there are savages who have no *abstract* terms in their language, he has evidently overlooked the real difference between rational and emotional language. We do not mean by rational language, a language possessing such abstract terms as whiteness, goodness, to have or to be; but any language in which even the most concrete of words are founded on general concepts, and derived from roots expressive of general ideas.

There is in every language a certain layer of words which may be called purely *emotional*. It is smaller or larger according to the genius and history of each nation, but it is never quite concealed by the later strata of rational speech. Most interjections, many imitative words, belong to this class. They are perfectly clear in their character and origin, and it could never be maintained that they rest on general concepts. But if we deduct that inorganic stratum, all the rest of language, whether among ourselves or among the lowest barbarians, can be traced back to *roots*, and every one of these roots is the sign of a general concept. This is the most important discovery of the Science of Language.

Take any word you like, trace it back historically to its most primitive form, and you will find that besides the derivative elements, which can easily be separated, it contains a predicative root, and that in this predicative root rests the connotative power of the word. Why is a *stable* called a *stable*? Because it stands. Why is a *saddle* called a *saddle*? Because you sit in it. Why is a *road* called a *road*? Because we ride on it. Why is *heaven* called *heaven*? Because it is heaved on high. In this manner every word, not excluding the commonest terms that must occur in every language, the names for *father*, *mother*, *brother*, *sister*, *hand* and *foot*, &c., have been traced back historically to definite roots, and every one of these roots expresses a *general concept*. Unless, therefore, Mr. Darwin is

prepared to maintain that there are languages which have no names for *father* and *mother*, for *heaven* and *earth*, or only such words for those objects as cannot be derived from predicative roots, his statement that there are languages without abstract terms falls to the ground. Every root is an abstract term, and these roots, in their historical reality, mark a period in the history of the human mind—they mark the beginning of rational speech.

What I wish to put before you as clearly as possible is this, that roots such as *dā*, to give, *sthā*, to stand, *gā*, to sing, the ancestors of an unnumbered progeny, differ from interjectional or imitative sounds in exactly the same manner as general concepts differ from single impressions. Those, therefore, who still think with Hume that general ideas are the same things as single impressions, only fainter, and who look upon this fainting away of single impressions into general ideas as something that requires no explanation, but can be disposed of by a metaphor, would probably take the same view with regard to the changes of cries and shrieks into roots. Those, on the contrary, who hold that general concepts, even in their lowest form, do not spring spontaneously from a *tabula rasa*, but recognize the admission of a co-operating Self, would look upon the roots of language as irrefragable proof of the presence of human workmanship in the very elements of language, as the earliest manifestation of human intellect, of which no trace has ever been discovered in the animal world.

It will be seen from these remarks that the controversy which has been carried on for more than two thousand years between those who ascribe to language an onomatopœic origin, and those who derive language from roots, has a much deeper significance than a mere question of scholarship. If the words of our language could be derived straight from imitative or interjectional sounds, such as *bow wow* or *pooh pooh*, then I should say that Hume was right against Kant, and that Mr. Darwin was right in representing the change of animal into human language as a mere question of time. If, on the contrary, it is a fact which no scholar would venture to deny, that, after deducting the purely onomatopœic portion of the dictionary, the real bulk of our language is derived from roots, definite in their form and general in their meaning, then that period in the history of language

which gave rise to these roots, and which I call the *Radical Period*, forms the frontier—be it broad or narrow—between man and beast.

That period may have been of slow growth, or it may have been an instantaneous evolution: we do not know. Like the beginnings of all things, the first beginnings of language and reason transcend the powers of the human understanding, nay, the limits of human imagination. But after the first step has been made, after the human mind, instead of being simply distracted by the impressions of the senses, has performed the first act of abstraction, were it only by making one and one to be two, everything else in the growth of language becomes as intelligible as the growth of the intellect; nay, more so. We still possess, we still use, the same materials of language which were first fixed and fashioned by the rational ancestors of our race. These roots, which are in reality our oldest title-deeds as rational beings, still supply the living sap of the millions of words scattered over the globe, while no trace of them, or anything corresponding to them has ever been discovered even amongst the most advanced of catarrhine apes.

The problem that remains to be solved in our last Lecture is the origin of those roots.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

It is the first week in the month of May 1870. Celebrities are of rapid growth in the *salons* of Paris. Gustave Rameau has gained the position for which he sighed. The journal he edits has increased its hold on the public, and his share of the profits has been liberally augmented by the secret proprietor. Rameau is acknowledged as a power in literary circles. And as critics belonging to the same clique praise each other in Paris, whatever they may do in communities more rigidly virtuous, his poetry has been declared by authorities in the press to be superior to that of Alfred de Musset in vigour—to that of Victor Hugo in refinement; neither of which assertions

would much, perhaps, shock a cultivated understanding.

It is true that it (Gustave's poetry) has not gained a wide audience among the public. But with regard to poetry nowadays, there are plenty of persons who say as Dr. Johnson said of the verse of Spratt, "I would rather praise it than read."

At all events, Rameau was courted in gay and brilliant circles, and, following the general example of French *littérateurs* in fashion, lived well up to the income he received, had a delightful bachelor's apartment, furnished with artistic effect, spent largely on the adornment of his person, kept a *coupé* and entertained profusely at the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée. A reputation that inspired a graver and more unquiet interest had been created by the Vicomte de Mauléon. Recent articles in the "*Sens Commun*," written under the name of Pierre Firmin, on the discussions on the vexed question of the *plébiscite*, had given umbrage to the Government, and Rameau had received an intimation that he, as editor, was responsible for the compositions of the contributors to the journal he edited; and that though, so long as Pierre Firmin had kept his caustic spirit within proper bounds, the Government had winked at the evasion of the law which required every political article in a journal to be signed by the real name of its author, it could do so no longer. Pierre Firmin was apparently a *nom de plume*; if not, his identity must be proved, or Rameau would pay the penalty which his contributor seemed bent on incurring.

Rameau, much alarmed for the journal that might be suspended, and for himself who might be imprisoned, conveyed this information through the publisher to his correspondent Pierre Firmin, and received the next day an article signed Victor de Mauléon, in which the writer proclaimed himself to be one and the same with Pierre Firmin, and, taking a yet bolder tone than he had before assumed, dared the Government to attempt legal measures against him. The Government was prudent enough to disregard that haughty bravado, but Victor de Mauléon rose at once into political importance. He had already in his real name and his quiet way established a popular and respectable place in Parisian society. But if this revelation created him enemies whom he had not before provoked, he was now sufficiently acquitted, by tacit consent, of the sins

formerly laid to his charge, to disdain the assaults of party wrath. His old reputation for personal courage and skill in sword and pistol served, indeed, to protect him from such charges as a Parisian journalist does not reply to with his pen. If he created some enemies, he created many more friends, or, at least, partisans and admirers. He only needed fine and imprisonment to become a popular hero.

A few days after he had thus proclaimed himself, Victor de Mauléon—who had before kept aloof from Rameau, and from *salons* at which he was likely to meet that distinguished minstrel—solicited his personal acquaintance, and asked him to breakfast.

Rameau joyfully went. He had a very natural curiosity to see the contributor whose articles had so mainly insured the sale of the "*Sens Commun*."

In the dark-haired, keen-eyed, well-dressed, middle-aged man, with commanding port and courtly address, he failed to recognize any resemblance to the flaxen-wigged, long-coated, bespectacled, shambling sexagenarian whom he had known as Lebeau. Only now and then a tone of voice struck him as familiar, but he could not recollect where he had heard the voice it resembled. The thought of Lebeau did not occur to him; if it had occurred it would only have struck him as a chance coincidence. Rameau, like most egotists, was rather a dull observer of men. His genius was not objective.

"I trust, Monsieur Rameau," said the Vicomte, as he and his guest were seated at the breakfast-table, "that you are not dissatisfied with the remuneration your eminent services in the journal have received."

"The proprietor, whoever he be, has behaved most liberally," answered Rameau.

"I take that compliment to myself, *cher confrère*; for though the expenses of starting the '*Sens Commun*' and the caution money lodged were found by a friend of mine, that was as a *jean*, which I have long since repaid, and the property in the journal is now exclusively mine. I have to thank you not only for your own brilliant contributions, but for those of the colleagues you secured. Monsieur Savarin's piquant criticisms were most valuable to us at starting. I regret to have lost his aid. But as he has set up a new journal of his own, even he has not wit enough to spare for another.

Apropos of our contributors, I shall ask you to present me to the fair author of 'The Artist's Daughter,' I am of too prosaic a nature to appreciate justly the merits of a *roman*; but I have heard warm praise of this story from the young—they are the best judges of that kind of literature; and I can at least understand the worth of a contributor who trebled the sale of our journal. It is a misfortune to us, indeed, that her work is completed, but I trust that the sum sent to her through our publisher suffices to tempt her to favour us with another *roman* in series."

"Mademoiselle Cicogna," said Rameau, with a somewhat sharper intonation of his sharp voice, "has accepted for the republication of her *roman* in a separate form terms which attest the worth of her genius, and has had offers from other journals for a serial tale of even higher amount than the sum so generously sent to her through your publisher."

"Has she accepted them, Monsieur Rameau? If so, *tant pis pour vous*. Pardon me, I mean that your salary suffers in proportion as the '*Sens Commun*' declines in sale."

"She has not accepted them. I advised her not to do so until she could compare them with those offered by the proprietor of the '*Sens Commun*.'"

"And your advice guides her? Ah! *cher confrère*, you are a happy man—you have influence over this young aspirant to the fame of a De Staël or a George Sand."

"I flatter myself that I have some," answered Rameau, smiling loftily as he helped himself to another tumbler of Volney's wine—excellent, but rather heady.

"So much the better. I leave you free to arrange terms with Mademoiselle Cicogna, higher than she can obtain elsewhere, and kindly contrive my own personal introduction to her—you have breakfasted already?—permit me to offer you a cigar—excuse me if I do not bear you company; I seldom smoke—never of a morning. Now to business, and the state of France. Take that easy-chair, seat yourself comfortably. So! Listen! If ever Mephistopheles revisit the earth, how he will laugh at Universal Suffrage and Vote by Ballot in an old country like France, as things to be admired by educated men, and adopted by friends of genuine freedom!"

"I don't understand you," said Rameau.

"In this respect at least, let me hope

that I can furnish you with understanding.

"The Emperor has resorted to a *plébiscite*—viz., a vote by ballot and universal suffrage—as to certain popular changes which circumstances compel him to substitute for his former personal rule. Is there a single intelligent Liberal who is not against that *plébiscite*?—is there any such who does not know that the appeal of the Emperor to universal suffrage and vote by ballot must result in a triumph over all the variations of free thought, by the unity which belongs to Order, represented through an able man at the head of the State? The multitude never comprehend principles; principles are complex ideas; they comprehend a simple idea, and the simplest idea is, a Name that rids their action of all responsibility to thought.

"Well, in France there are principles superabundant which you can pit against the principle of Imperial rule. But there is not one name you can pit against Napoleon the Third; therefore, I steer our little bark in the teeth of the popular gale when I denounce the *plébiscite*, and '*Le Sens Commun*' will necessarily fall in sale—it is beginning to fall already. We shall have the educated men with us, the rest against. In every country—even in China, where all are highly educated—a few must be yet more highly educated than the many. Monsieur Rameau, I desire to overthrow the Empire: in order to do that, it is not enough to have on my side the educated men, I must have the *canaille*—the *canaille* of Paris and of the manufacturing towns. But I use the *canaille* for my purpose—I don't mean to enthrone it. You comprehend?—the *canaille* quiescent is simply mud at the bottom of a stream; the *canaille* agitated, is mud at the surface. But no man capable of three ideas builds the palaces and senates of civilized society out of mud, be it at the top or the bottom of an ocean. Can either you or I desire that the destinies of France shall be swayed by coxcombical artisans who think themselves superior to every man who writes grammar, and whose idea of a commonwealth is the confiscation of private property?"

Rameau, thoroughly puzzled by this discourse, bowed his head, and replied whisperingly, "Proceed. You are against the Empire, yet against the populace!—What are you for? not, surely, the Legitimists?—are you Republican? Orleanist? or what?"

"Your questions are very pertinent," answered the Vicomte, courteously, "and my answer shall be very frank. I am against absolute rule, whether under a Buonaparte or a Bourbon. I am for a free State, whether under a constitutional hereditary sovereign like the English or Belgian, or whether, republican in name, it be less democratic than constitutional monarchy in practice, like the American. But as a man interested in the fate of '*Le Sens Commun*,' I hold in profound disdain all crotchets for revolutionizing the elements of Human Nature. Enough of this abstract talk. To the point. You are of course aware of the violent meetings held by the Socialists, nominally against the *plébiscite*, really against the Emperor himself?"

"Yes, I know at least that the working class are extremely discontented; the numerous strikes last month were not on a mere question of wages—they were against the existing forms of society. And the articles by Pierre Firmin which brought me into collision with the Government, seemed to differ from what you now say. They approve those strikes; they appeared to sympathize with the revolutionary meetings at Belleville and Montmartre."

"Of course! we use coarse tools for destroying; we cast them aside for finer ones when we want to reconstruct."

"I attended one of those meetings last night. See, I have a pass for all such assemblies, signed by some dolt who cannot even spell the name he assumes—'*Pom-de-Tair*.' A commissary of police sat yawning at the end of the orchestra, his secretary by his side, while the orators stammer out fragments of would-be thunderbolts. Commissary of police yawns more wearily than before, secretary disdains to use his pen, seizes his penknife and pares his nails. Up rises a wild-haired, weak-limbed *silhouette* of a man, and affecting a solemnity of mien which might have become the virtuous Guizot, moves this resolution—'The French people condemns Charles Louis Napoleon the Third to the penalty of perpetual hard labour.' Then up rises the commissary of police and says quietly, 'I declare this meeting at an end.'

"Sensation among the audience—they gesticulate—they screech—they bellow—the commissary puts on his greatcoat—the secretary gives a last touch to his nails and pockets his penknife—the audience disperses—the *silhouette* of a man effaces itself—all is over."

"You describe the scene most wittily," said Rameau, laughing, but the laugh was constrained. A would-be cynic himself, there was a something grave and earnest in the real cynic that awed him.

"What conclusion do you draw from such a scene, *cher poète*?" asked De Mauléon, fixing his keen quiet eyes on Rameau.

"What conclusion? Well, that—that——"

"Yes, continue."

"That the audience were sadly degenerated from the time when Mirabeau said to a Master of the Ceremonies, 'We are here by the power of the French people, and nothing but the point of the bayonet shall expel us.'"

"Spoken like a poet, a French poet. I suppose you admire M. Victor Hugo. Conceding that he would have employed a more sounding phraseology, comprising more absolute ignorance of men, times, and manners in unintelligible metaphor and melodramatic braggadocio, your answer might have been his; but pardon me if I add, it would not be that of *Common Sense*."

"Monsieur le Vicomte might rebuke me more politely," said Rameau, colouring high.

"Accept my apologies; I did not mean to rebuke, but to instruct. The times are not those of 1789. And Nature, ever repeating herself in the production of coxcombs and blockheads, never repeats herself in the production of Mirabeaus. The Empire is doomed—doomed, because it is hostile to the free play of intellect. Any Government that gives absolute preponderance to the many is hostile to intellect, for intellect is necessarily confined to the few."

"Intellect is the most revengeful of all the elements of society. It cares not what the materials through which it insinuates or forces its way to its seat."

"I accept the aid of *Pom-de-Tair*. I do not demean myself to the extent of writing articles that may favour the principles of *Pom-de-Tair*, signed in the name of Victor de Mauléon or of Pierre Firmin."

"I will beg you, my dear editor, to obtain clever, smart writers, who know nothing about Socialists and Internationalists, who therefore will not commit '*Le Sens Commun*' by advocating the doctrines of those idiots, but who will flatter the vanity of the *canaille*—vaguely; write any stuff they please about the renown of Paris, 'the eye of the world,'

'the sun of the European system,' &c., of the artisans of Paris as supplying soul to that eye and fuel to that sun—any *blague* of that sort—*genre Victor Hugo*; but nothing definite against life and property, nothing that may not be considered hereafter as the harmless extravagance of a poetic enthusiasm. You might write such articles yourself. In fine, I want to excite the multitude, and yet not to commit our journal to the contempt of the few.

"Nothing is to be admitted that may bring the law upon us except it be signed by my name. There may be a moment in which it would be desirable for somebody to be sent to prison: in that case, I allow no substitute—I go myself.

"Now you have my most secret thoughts. I intrust them to your judgment with entire confidence. Monsieur Lebeau gave you a high character, which you have hitherto deserved. By the way, have you seen anything lately of that *bourgeois* conspirator?"

"No, his professed business of letter-writer or agent is transferred to a clerk, who says M. Lebeau is abroad."

"Ah! I don't think that is true. I fancy I saw him the other evening gliding along the lanes of Belleville. He is too confirmed a conspirator to be long out of Paris; no place like Paris for seething brains."

"Have you known M. Lebeau long?" asked Rameau.

"Ay, many years. We are both Norman by birth, as you may perceive by something broad in our accent."

"Ha! I knew your voice was familiar to me; certainly it does remind me of Lebeau's."

"Normans are like each other in many things besides voice and accent—obstinacy, for instance, in clinging to ideas once formed; this makes them good friends and steadfast enemies. I would advise no man to make an enemy of Lebeau.

"*Au revoir, cher confrère.* Do not forget to present me to Mademoiselle Cicogna."

CHAPTER II.

ON leaving De Mauléon and regaining his *coupé* Rameau felt at once bewildered and humbled, for he was not prepared for the tone of careless superiority which the Vicomte assumed over him. He had expected to be much complimented, and he comprehended vaguely that he had been somewhat snubbed. He was not only

irritated—he was bewildered, for De Mauléon's political disquisitions did not leave any clear or definite idea on his mind as to the principles which as editor of the "*Sens Commun*" he was to see adequately represented and carried out. In truth, Rameau was one of those numerous Parisian politicians who have read little and reflected less on the government of men and States. Envy is said by a great French writer to be the vice of Democracies. Envy certainly had made Rameau a Democrat. He could talk and write glibly enough upon the themes of equality and fraternity, and was so far an ultra-democrat that he thought moderation the sign of a mediocre understanding.

De Mauléon's talk, therefore, terribly perplexed him. It was unlike anything he had heard before. Its revolutionary professions, accompanied with so much scorn for the multitude, and the things the multitude desired, were Greek to him. He was not shocked by the cynicism which placed wisdom in using the passions of mankind as tools for the interests of an individual; but he did not understand the frankness of its avowal.

Nevertheless the man had dominated over and subdued him. He recognized the power of his contributor without clearly analyzing its nature—a power made up of large experience of life, of cold examination of doctrines that heated others—of patrician calm—of intellectual sneer—of collected confidence in self.

Besides, Rameau felt, with a nervous misgiving, that in this man, who so boldly proclaimed his contempt for the instruments he used, he had found a master. De Mauléon, then, was sole proprietor of the journal from which Rameau drew his resources; might at any time dismiss him; might at any time involve the journal in penalties which, even if Rameau could escape in his official capacity as editor, still might stop the "*Sens Commun*," and with it Rameau's luxurious subsistence.

Altogether the visit to De Mauléon had been anything but a pleasant one. He sought, as the carriage rolled on, to turn his thoughts to more agreeable subjects, and the image of Isaura rose before him. To do him justice he had learned to love this girl as well as his nature would permit: he loved her with the whole strength of his imagination, and though his heart was somewhat cold, his imagination was very ardent. He loved

her also with the whole strength of his vanity, and vanity was even a more preponderant organ of his system than imagination. To carry off as his prize one who had already achieved celebrity, whose beauty and fascination of manner were yet more acknowledged than her genius, would certainly be a glorious triumph.

Every Parisian of Rameau's stamp looks forward in marriage to a brilliant *salon*. What *salon* more brilliant than that which he and Isaura united could command? He had long conquered his early impulse of envy at Isaura's success,—in fact that success had become associated with his own, and had contributed greatly to his enrichment. So that to other motives of love he might add the prudential one of interest. Rameau well knew that his own vein of composition, however lauded by the cliques, and however unrivalled in his own eyes, was not one that brings much profit in the market. He compared himself to those poets who are too far in advance of their time to be quite as sure of bread and cheese as they are of immortal fame.

But he regarded Isaura's genius as of a lower order, and a thing in itself very marketable. Marry her, and the bread and cheese were so certain that he might elaborate as slowly as he pleased the verses destined to immortal fame. Then he should be independent of inferior creatures like Victor de Mauléon. But while Rameau convinced himself that he was passionately in love with Isaura, he could not satisfy himself that she was in love with him.

Though during the past year they had seen each other constantly, and their literary occupations had produced many sympathies between them—though he had intimated that many of his most eloquent love-poems were inspired by her—though he had asserted in prose, very pretty prose too, that she was all that youthful poets dream of,—yet she had hitherto treated such declarations with a playful laugh, accepting them as elegant compliments inspired by Parisian gallantry; and he felt an angry and sore foreboding that if he were to insist too seriously on the earnestness of their import and ask her plainly to be his wife, her refusal would be certain, and his visits to her house might be interdicted.

Still Isaura was unmarried, still she had refused offers of marriage from men higher placed than himself,—still he di-

vinced no one whom she could prefer. And as he now leaned back in his *coupé* he muttered to himself, "Oh, if I could but get rid of that little demon Julie, I would devote myself so completely to winning Isaura's heart that I must succeed!—but how to get rid of Julie? She so adores me, and is so headstrong! She is capable of going to Isaura—showing my letters—making such a scene!"

Here he checked the carriage at a *café* on the Boulevard,—descended, imbibed two glasses of absinthe,—and then feeling much emboldened, remounted his *coupé* and directed the driver to Isaura's apartment.

CHAPTER III.

YES, celebrities are of rapid growth in the *salons* of Paris. Far more solid than that of Rameau, far more brilliant than that of De Mauléon, was the celebrity which Isaura had now acquired. She had been unable to retain the pretty suburban villa at A—. The owner wanted to alter and enlarge it for his own residence, and she had been persuaded by Signora Venosta, who was always sighing for fresh *salons* to conquer, to remove (towards the close of the previous year) to apartments in the centre of the Parisian *beau monde*. Without formally professing to receive, on one evening in the week her *salon* was open to those who had eagerly sought her acquaintance—comprising many stars in the world of fashion, as well as those in the world of art and letters. And as she had now wholly abandoned the idea of the profession for which her voice had been cultivated she no longer shrank from the exercise of her surpassing gift of song for the delight of private friends. Her physician had withdrawn the interdict on such exercise.

His skill, aided by the rich vitality of her constitution, had triumphed over all tendencies to the malady for which he had been consulted. To hear Isaura Cicogna sing in her own house was a privilege sought and prized by many who never read a word of her literary compositions. A good critic of a book is rare; but good judges of a voice are numberless. Adding this attraction of song to her youth, her beauty, her frank powers of converse—an innocent sweetness of manner free from all conventional affectation—and to the fresh novelty of a genius which inspired the young with enthusiasm and beguiled the old to indul-

gence, it was no wonder that Isaura became a celebrity at Paris.

Perhaps it was a wonder that her head was not turned by the adulation that surrounded her. But I believe, be it said with diffidence, that a woman of mind so superior that the mind never pretends to efface the heart, is less intoxicated with flattery than a man equally exposed to it.

It is the strength of her heart that keeps her head sober. Isaura had never yet overcome her first romance of love; as yet, amid all her triumphs, there was not a day in which her thoughts did not wistfully, mournfully, fly back to those blessed moments in which she felt her cheek colour before a look, her heart beat at the sound of a footfall. Perhaps if there had been the customary finis to this young romance — the lover's deliberate renunciation, his formal farewell — the girl's pride would, ere this, have conquered her affection, — possibly — who knows? — replaced it.

But, reader, be you male or female, have you ever known this sore trial of affection and pride, that from some cause or other, to you mysterious, the dear intercourse to which you had accustomed the secret life of your life, abruptly ceases; you know that a something has come between you and the beloved which you cannot distinguish, cannot measure, cannot guess, and therefore cannot surmount; and you say to yourself at the dead of solitary night, "Oh for an explanation! Oh for one meeting more! All might be so easily set right; or if not, I should know the worst, and knowing it, could conquer!"

This trial was Isaura's. There had been no explanation, no last farewell between her and Graham. She divined — no woman lightly makes a mistake there — that he loved her. She knew that this dread something had intervened between her and him when he took leave of her before others so many months ago; that this dread something still continued — what was it? She was certain that it would vanish, could they but once meet again and not before others. Oh for such a meeting!

She could not herself destroy hope. She could not marry another. She would have no heart to give to another while *he* was free, while in doubt if his heart was still her own. And thus her pride did not help her to conquer her affection.

Of Graham Vane she heard occasionally. He had ceased to correspond with Savarin; but among those who most fre-

quented her *salon* were the Morleys. Americans so well educated and so well placed as the Morleys knew something about every Englishman of the social station of Graham Vane. Isaura learned from them that Graham, after a tour on the Continent, had returned to England at the commencement of the year, had been invited to stand for Parliament, had refused, that his name was in the list published by the "Morning Post" of the *élite* whose arrivals in London, or whose presence at dinner-tables, is recorded as an event. That the "Athenæum" had mentioned a rumour that Graham Vane was the author of a political pamphlet which, published anonymously, had made no inconsiderable sensation. Isaura sent to England for that pamphlet: the subject was somewhat dry, and the style, though clear and vigorous, was scarcely of the eloquence which wins the admiration of women; and yet she learned every word of it by heart.

We know how little she dreamed that the celebrity which she hailed as an approach to him was daily making her more remote. The sweet labours she undertook for that celebrity continued to be sweetened yet more by secret association with the absent one. How many of the passages most admired could never have been written had he been never known!

And she blessed those labours the more that they upheld her from the absolute feebleness of sickened reverie, beguiled her from the gnawing torture of unsatisfied conjecture. She did comply with Madame de Grantmesnil's command — did pass from the dusty *beaten* road of life into green fields and along flowery river-banks, and did enjoy that ideal by-world.

But still the one image which reigned over her human heart moved beside her in the gardens of fairy-land.

CHAPTER IV.

ISAURA was seated in her pretty *salon*, with Venosta, M. Savarin, the Morleys, and the financier Louvier, when Rameau was announced.

"Ha!" cried Savarin, "we were just discussing a matter which nearly concerns you, *cher poëte*. I have not seen you since the announcement that Pierre Firmin is no other than Victor de Mauléon. *Ma foi*, that worthy seems likely to be as dangerous with his pen as he was once with his sword. The article in which he revealed himself makes a sharp lunge on the Government.

"Take care of yourself. When hawks and nightingales fly together the hawk may escape, and the nightingale complain of the barbarity of kings in a cage: 'fëbiller gemens infelix avis.'"

"He is not fit to conduct a journal," replied Rameau, magniloquently, "who will not brave a danger for his body in defence of the right to infinity for his thought."

"Bravo!" said Mrs. Morley, clapping her pretty hands. "That speech reminds me of home. The French are very much like the Americans in their style of oratory."

"So," said Louvier, "my old friend the Vicomte has come out as a writer, a politician, a philosopher; I feel hurt that he kept this secret from me despite our intimacy. I suppose you knew it from the first, M. Rameau?"

"No, I was as much taken by surprise as the rest of the world. You have long known M. de Mauléon?"

"Yes, I may say we began life together—that is, much at the same time."

"What is he like in appearance?" asked Mrs. Morley.

"The ladies thought him very handsome when he was young," replied Louvier. "He is still a fine-looking man, about my height."

"I should like to know him!" cried Mrs. Morley, "if only to tease that husband of mine. He refuses me the dearest of woman's rights—I can't make him jealous."

"You may have the opportunity of knowing this *ci-devant* Lovelace very soon," said Rameau, "for he has begged me to present him to Mademoiselle Cicogna, and I will ask her permission to do so, on Thursday evening when she receives."

Isaura, who had hitherto attended very listlessly to the conversation bowed assent. "Any friend of yours will be welcome. But I own the articles signed in the name of Pierre Firmin do not prepossess me in favour of their author."

"Why so?" asked Louvier; "surely you are not an Imperialist?"

"Nay, I do not pretend to be a politician at all, but there is something in the writing of Pierre Firmin that pains and chills me."

"Yet the secret of its popularity," said Savarin, "is that it says what every one says—only better."

"I see now that it is exactly that which displeases me; it is the Paris talk condensed into epigram: the graver it is the

less it elevates—the lighter it is, the more it saddens."

"That is meant to hit me," said Savarin, with his sunny laugh—"me whom you call cynical."

"No, dear M. Savarin; for above all your cynicism is genuine gaiety, and below it solid kindness. You have that which I do not find in M. de Mauléon's writings, nor often in the talk of the *salons*—you have youthfulness."

"Youthfulness at sixty—oh you flatterer!"

"Genius does not count its years by the almanac," said Mrs. Morley. "I know what Isaura means—she is quite right; there is a breath of winter in M. de Mauléon's style, and an odour of fallen leaves. Not that his diction wants vigour; on the contrary, it is crisp with hoarfrost. But the sentiments conveyed by the diction are those of a nature sear and withered. And it is in this combination of brisk words and decayed feelings that his writing represents the talk and mind of Paris. He and Paris are always fault-finding: fault-finding is the attribute of old age."

Colonel Morley looked round with pride, as much as to say—"clever talker, my wife."

Savarin understood that look, and replied to it courteously. "Madame has a gift of expression which Emile de Girardin can scarcely surpass. But when she blames us for fault-finding, can she expect the friends of liberty to praise the present style of things?"

"I should be obliged to the friends of liberty," said the Colonel, drily, "to tell me how that state of things is to be mended. I find no enthusiasm for the Orleanists, none for a Republic; people sneer at religion; no belief in a cause, no adherence to an opinion. But the worst of it is that, like all people who are *blasés*, the Parisians are eager for strange excitement, and ready to listen to any oracle who promises a relief from indifference. This it is which makes the Press more dangerous in France than it is in any other country. Elsewhere the Press sometimes leads, sometimes follows, public opinion. Here there is no public opinion to consult, and instead of opinion the Press represents passion."

"My dear Colonel Morley," said Savarin, "I hear you very often say that a Frenchman cannot understand America. Permit me to observe that an American cannot understand France—or at least Paris. *Apropos* of Paris—that is a

large speculation of yours, Louvier, in the new suburb."

"And a very sound one; I advise you to invest in it. I can secure you at present 5 per cent on the rental; that is nothing—the houses will be worth double when the Rue de Louvier is completed."

"Alas! I have no money; my new journal absorbs all my capital."

"Shall I transfer the moneys I hold for you, Signorina, and add to them whatever you may have made by your delightful *roman*, as yet lying idle, to this investment? I cannot say more in its favour than this—I have embarked a very large portion of my capital in the Rue de Louvier, and I flatter myself that I am not one of those men who persuade their friends to do a foolish thing by setting them the example."

"Whatever you advise on such a subject," said Isaura, graciously, "is sure to be as wise as it is kind."

"You consent then?"

"Certainly."

Here the Venosta, who had been listening with great attention to Louvier's commendation of this investment, drew him aside, and whispered in his ear—"I suppose, M. Louvier, that one can't put a little money—a very little money—*poco-poco-pocolino*, into your street."

"Into my street! Ah, I understand—into the speculation of the Rue de Louvier! certainly you can. Arrangements are made on purpose to suit the convenience of the smallest capitalists—from 500 francs upwards."

"And you feel quite sure that we shall double our money when the street is completed—I should not like to have my brains in my heels."*

"More than double it, I hope, long before the street is completed."

"I have saved a little money—very little. I have no relations, and I mean to leave it all to the Signorina; and if it could be doubled, why, there would be twice as much to leave her."

"So there would," said Louvier. "You can't do better than put it all into the Rue de Louvier. I will send you the necessary papers to-morrow, when I send hers to the Signorina."

Louvier here turned to address himself to Colonel Morley, but finding that degenerate son of America indisposed to get the cent per cent for his money when offered by a Parisian, he very soon took

his leave. The other visitors followed his example except Rameau, who was left alone with the Venosta and Isaura. The former had no liking for Rameau, who showed her none of the attentions her innocent vanity demanded, and she soon took herself off to her own room to calculate the amount of her savings and dream of the Rue de Louvier, and "golden joys."

Rameau approaching his chair to Isaura's then commenced conversation, dryly enough, upon pecuniary matters; acquitting himself of the mission with which De Mauléon had charged him, the request for a new work from her pen for the "*Sens Commun*," and the terms that ought to be asked for compliance. The young lady-author shrank from this talk. Her private income, though modest, sufficed for her wants, and she felt a sensitive shame in the sale of her thoughts and fancies.

Putting hurriedly aside the mercantile aspect of the question, she said that she had no other work in her mind at present—that, whatever her vein of invention might be, it flowed at its own will and could not be commanded.

"Nay," said Rameau, "this is not true. We fancy, in our hours of indolence, that we must wait for inspiration; but once force ourselves to work, and ideas spring forth at the wave of the pen. You may believe me here—I speak from experience: I, compelled to work, and in modes not to my taste—I do my task I know not how. I rub the lamp, 'the genius comes.'"

"I have read in some English author that motive power is necessary to continued labour: you have motive power, I have none."

"I do not quite understand you."

"I mean that a strong ruling motive is required to persist in any regular course of action that needs effort: the motive with the majority of men is the need of subsistence; with a large number (as in trades or professions), not actually want, but a desire of gain, and perhaps of distinction, in their calling: the desire of professional distinction expands into the longings for more comprehensive fame, more exalted honours, with the few who become great writers, soldiers, statesmen, orators."

"And do you mean to say you have no such motive?"

"None in the sting of want, none in the desire of gain."

"But fame?"

* "*Avere il cervello nella calcagna*,"—viz., to act without prudent reflection.

"Alas! I thought so once. I know not now—I begin to doubt if fame should be sought by women." This was said very dejectedly.

"Tut, dearest Signorina! what gadfly has stung you? Your doubt is a weakness unworthy of your intellect; and even were it not, genius is destiny and will be obeyed: you *must* write, despite yourself—and your writings *must* bring fame, whether you wish it or not."

Isaura was silent, her head drooped on her breast—there were tears in her downcast eyes.

Rameau took her hand, which she yielded to him passively, and clasping it in both his own, he rushed on impulsively.

"Oh, I know what these misgivings are when we feel ourselves solitary, unloved: how often have they been mine! But how different would labour be if shared and sympathized with by a congenial mind, by a heart that beats in unison with one's own!"

Isaura's breast heaved beneath her robe, she sighed softly.

"And then how sweet the fame of which the one we love is proud! how trifling becomes the pang of some malignant depreciation, which a word from the beloved one can soothe! Oh Signorina! oh Isaura! are we not made for each other? Kindred pursuits, hopes and fears in common; the same race to run, the same goal to win! I need a motive, stronger than I have yet known for the persevering energy that insures success: supply to me that motive. Let me think that whatever I win in the strife of the world is a tribute to Isaura. No, do not seek to withdraw this hand, let me claim it as mine for life. I love you as man never loved before—do not reject my love."

They say the woman who hesitates is lost. Isaura hesitated, but was not yet lost. The words she listened to moved her deeply. Offers of marriage she had already received: one from a rich middle-aged noble, a devoted musical virtuoso; one from a young *avocat* fresh from the provinces, and somewhat calculating on her *dot*; one from a timid but enthusiastic admirer of her genius and her beauty, himself rich, handsome, of good birth, but with shy manners and faltering tongue.

But these had made their proposals with the formal respect habitual to French decorum in matrimonial proposals. Words so eloquently impassioned

as Gustave Rameau's had never before thrilled her ears. Yes, she was deeply moved; and yet, by that very emotion, she knew that it was not to the love of this wooer that her heart responded.

There is a circumstance in the history of courtship familiar to the experience of many women, that while the suitor is pleading his cause, his language may touch every fibre in the heart of his listener, yet substitute, as it were, another presence for his own. She may be saying to herself, "Oh that another had said those words!" and be dreaming of the other, while she hears the one.

Thus it was now with Isaura, and not till Rameau's voice had ceased did that dream pass away, and with a slight shiver she turned her face towards the wooer, sadly and pityingly.

"It cannot be," she said, in a low whisper; "I were not worthy of your love could I accept it. Forget that you have so spoken; let me still be a friend admiring your genius, interested in your career. I cannot be more. Forgive me if I unconsciously led you to think I could, I am so grieved to pain you."

"Am I to understand," said Rameau, coldly, for his *amour propre* was resentful, "that the proposals of another have been more fortunate than mine?" And he named the youngest and comeliest of those whom she had rejected.

"Certainly not," said Isaura.

Rameau rose and went to the window, turning his face from her. In reality he was striving to collect his thoughts and decide on the course it were most prudent for him now to pursue. The fumes of the absinthe which had, despite his previous forebodings, emboldened him to hazard his avowal, had now subsided into the languid reaction which is generally consequent on that treacherous stimulus, a reaction not unfavourable to passionless reflection. He knew that if he said he could not conquer his love, he would still cling to hope, and trust to perseverance and time, he should compel Isaura to forbid his visits, and break off their familiar intercourse. This would be fatal to the chance of yet winning her, and would also be of serious disadvantage to his more worldly interests. Her literary aid might become essential to the journal on which his fortunes depended; and at all events, in her conversation, in her encouragement, in her sympathy with the pains and joys of his career, he felt a support, a comfort, nay, an inspiration. For the spontaneous gush of her fresh

thoughts and fancies served to recruit his own jaded ideas, and enlarge his own stunted range of invention. No, he could not commit himself to the risk of banishment from Isaura.

And mingled with meaner motives for discretion, there was one of which he was but vaguely conscious, purer and nobler. In the society of this girl, in whom whatever was strong and high in mental organization became so sweetened into feminine grace by gentleness of temper and kindness of disposition, Rameau felt himself a better man. The virgin-like dignity with which she moved, so untainted by a breath of scandal, amid *salons* in which the envy of virtues doubted sought to bring innocence itself into doubt, warmed into a genuine reverence the cynicism of his professed creed.

While with her, while under her chastening influence, he was sensible of a poetry infused within him far more true to the *Camœnæ* than all he had elaborated into verse. In these moments he was ashamed of the vices he had courted as distractions. He imagined that, with her all his own, it would be easy to reform.

No; to withdraw wholly from Isaura was to renounce his sole chance of redemption.

While these thoughts, which it takes so long to detail, passed rapidly through his brain, he felt a soft touch on his arm, and, turning his face slowly, encountered the tender, compassionate eyes of Isaura.

"Be consoled, dear friend," she said, with a smile, half cheering, half mournful. "Perhaps for all true artists the solitary lot is the best."

"I will try to think so," answered Rameau; "and meanwhile I thank you with a full heart for the sweetness with which you have checked my presumption—the presumption shall not be repeated. Gratefully I accept the friendship you deign to tender me. You bid me forget the words I uttered. Promise in turn that you will forget them—or at least consider them withdrawn. You will receive me still as friend?"

"As friend, surely; yes. Do we not both need friends?" She held out her hand as she spoke; he bent over it, kissed it with respect, and the interview thus closed.

CHAPTER V.

It was late in the evening of that day when a man who had the appearance of a decent *bourgeois*, in the lower grades of that comprehensive class, entered one of

the streets in the *Faubourg Montmartre*, tenanted chiefly by artisans. He paused at the open doorway of a tall narrow house, and drew back as he heard footsteps descending a very gloomy staircase.

The light from a gas lamp on the street fell full on the face of the person thus quitting the house—the face of a young and handsome man, dressed with the quiet elegance which betokened one of higher rank or fashion than that neighbourhood was habituated to find among its visitors. The first comer retreated promptly into the shade, and, as by sudden impulse, drew his hat low down over his eyes.

The other man did not, however, observe him, went his way with quick step along the street, and entered another house some yards distant.

"What can that pious Bourbonite do here?" muttered the first comer. "Can he be a conspirator? *Diab! 'tis* as dark as Erebus on that staircase."

Taking cautious hold of the banister, the man now ascended the stairs. On the landing of the first floor there was a gas lamp which threw upward a faint ray that finally died at the third story. But at that third story the man's journey ended; he pulled a bell at the door to the right, and in another moment or so the door was opened by a young woman of twenty-eight or thirty, dressed very simply, but with a certain neatness not often seen in the wives of artisans in the *Faubourg Montmartre*. Her face, which though pale and delicate, retained much of the beauty of youth, became clouded as she recognised the visitor; evidently the visit was not welcome to her.

"Monsieur Lebeau again!" she exclaimed, shrinking back.

"At your service, *chère dame*. The good man is of course at home? Ah, I catch sight of him," and sliding by the woman, M. Lebeau passed the narrow lobby in which she stood, through the open door conducting into the room in which Armand Monnier was seated, his chin propped on his hand, his elbow resting on the table, looking abstractedly into space. In a corner of the room two small children were playing languidly with a set of bone tablets inscribed with the letters of the alphabet. But whatever the children were doing with the alphabet, they were certainly not learning to read from it.

The room was of fair size and height and by no means barely or shabbily fur-

nished. There was a pretty clock on the mantelpiece. On the wall were hung designs for the decoration of apartments, and shelves on which were ranged a few books.

The window was open, and on the sill were placed flower-pots; you could scent the odour they wafted into the room.

Altogether it was an apartment suited to a skilled artisan earning high wages. From the room we are now in, branched on one side a small but commodious kitchen; on the other side, on which the door was screened by a *portière*, with a border prettily worked by female hands — some years ago, for it was faded now — was a bedroom, communicating with one of less size in which the children slept. We do not enter those additional rooms, but it may be well here to mention them as indications of the comfortable state of an intelligent skilled artisan of Paris, who thinks he can better that state by some revolution which may ruin his employer.

Monnier started up at the entrance of Lebeau, and his face showed that he did not share the dislike to the visit which that of the female partner of his life had evinced. On the contrary, his smile was cordial, and there was a hearty ring in the voice which cried out —

"I am glad to see you — something to do? Eh?"

"Always ready to work for liberty, *mon brave*."

"I hope so: what's in the wind now?"

"Oh Armand, be prudent — be prudent," cried the woman piteously. "Do not lead him into further mischief, Monsieur Lebeau:" as she faltered forth the last words, she bowed her head over the two little ones, and her voice died in sobs.

"Monnier," said Lebeau, gravely, "Madame is right. I ought not to lead you into further mischief; there are three in the room who have better claims on you than —"

"The cause of the millions," interrupted Monnier.

"No."

He approached the woman and took up one of the children very tenderly, stroking back its curls and kissing the face, which, if before surprised and saddened by the mother's sob, now smiled gaily under the father's kiss.

"Canst thou doubt, my *Héloïse*," said the artisan, mildly, "that whatever I do thou and these are not uppermost in my thoughts? I act for thine interest and

theirs — the world as it exists is the foe of you three. The world I would replace it by will be more friendly."

The poor woman made no reply, but as he drew her towards him, she leant her head upon his breast and wept quietly. Monnier led her thus from the room whispering words of soothing. The children followed the parents into the adjoining chamber. In a few minutes Monnier returned, shutting the door behind him and drawing the *portière* close.

"You will excuse me, Citizen, and my poor wife — wife she is to me and to all who visit here, though the law says she is not."

"I respect Madame the more for her dislike to myself," said Lebeau, with a somewhat melancholy smile.

"Not dislike to you personally, Citizen, but dislike to the business which she connects with your visits, and she is more than usually agitated on that subject this evening, because, just before you came, another visitor had produced a great effect on her feelings — poor dear *Héloïse*."

"Indeed, how?"

"Well, I was employed in the winter in redecorating the *salon* and *boudoir* of Madame de Vandemar; her son, M. Raoul, took great interest in superintending the details. He would sometimes talk to me very civilly, not only on my work, but on other matters. It seems that Madame now wants something done to the *salle-à-manger*, and asked old Gérard — my late master, you know — to send me. Of course he said that was impossible — for, though I was satisfied with my own wages, I had induced his other men to strike, and was one of the ringleaders in the recent strike of artisans in general — a dangerous man, and he would have nothing more to do with me. So M. Raoul came to see and talk with me — scarce gone before you rang at the bell — you might have almost met him on the stairs."

"I saw a *beau monsieur* come out of the house. And so his talk has affected Madame."

"Very much; it was quite brotherlike. He is one of the religious set, and they always get at the weak side of the soft sex."

"Ay," said Lebeau, thoughtfully; "if religion were banished from the laws of men, it would still find a refuge in the hearts of women. But Raoul de Vandemar did not presume to preach to Madame

upon the sin of loving you and your children?"

"I should like to have heard him preach to her," cried Monnier, fiercely. "No, he only tried to reason with me about matters he could not understand."

"Strikes?"

"Well, not exactly strikes—he did not contend that we workmen had not full right to combine and to strike for obtaining fairer money's worth for our work; but he tried to persuade me that where, as in my case, it was not a matter of wages, but of political principle—of war against capitalists—I could not injure myself and mislead others. He wanted to reconcile me to old Gérard, or to let him find me employment elsewhere; and when I told him that my honour forbade me to make terms for myself till those with whom I was joined were satisfied, he said, 'But if this lasts much longer, your children will not look so rosy;' then poor Héloïse began to wring her hands and cry, and he took me aside and wanted to press money on me as a loan. He spoke so kindly that I could not be angry; but when he found I would take nothing, he asked me about some families in the street of whom he had a list, and who, he was informed, were in great distress. That is true; I am feeding some of them myself out of my savings. You see, this young Monsieur belongs to a society of men, many as young as he is, which visits the poor and dispenses charity. I did not feel I had a right to refuse aid for others, and I told him where his money would be best spent. I suppose he went there when he left me."

"I know the society you mean, that of St. François de Sales. It comprises some of the most ancient of that old *noblesse* to which the *ouvriers* in the great Revolution were so remorseless."

"We *ouvriers* are wiser now; we see that in assailing *them*, we gave ourselves worse tyrants in the new aristocracy of the capitalists. Our quarrel now is that of artisans against employers."

"Of course, I am aware of that; but to leave general politics, tell me frankly, How has the strike affected you as yet? I mean in purse? Can you stand its pressure? If not, you are above the false pride of not taking help from me, a fellow-conspirator, though you were justified in refusing it when offered by Raoul de Vandemar, the servant of the Church."

"Pardon, I refuse aid from any one, except for the common cause. But do

not fear for me, I am not pinched as yet. I have had high wages for some years, and since I and Héloïse came together, I have not wasted a *son* out of doors, except in the way of public duty, such as making converts at the *Jean Jacques* and elsewhere; a glass of beer and a pipe don't cost much. And Héloïse is such a housewife, so thrifty, scolds me if I buy her a ribbon, poor love! No wonder that I would pull down a society that dares to scoff at her—dares to say she is not my wife, and her children are base-born. No, I have some savings left yet. War to society, war to the knife!"

"Monnier," said Lebeau, in a voice that evinced emotion, "listen to me: I have received injuries from society which, when they were fresh, half maddened me—that is twenty years ago. I would then have thrown myself into any plot against society that proffered revenge; but society, my friend, is a wall of very strong masonry, as it now stands; it may be sapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—no. You dash your head against it—you scatter your brains, and you dislodge a stone. Society smiles in scorn, effaces the stain, and replaces the stone. I no longer war against society. I do war against a system in that society which is hostile to me—systems in France are easily overthrown. I say this because I want to use you, and I do not want to deceive."

"Deceive me, bah! You are an honest man," cried Monnier; and he seized Lebeau's hand, and shook it with warmth and vigour.

"But for you I should have been a mere grumbler. No doubt I should have cried out where the shoe pinched, and railed against laws that vex me; but from the moment you first talked to me I became a new man. You taught me to act, as Rousseau and Madame de Grantmesnil had taught me to think and to feel. There is my brother, a grumbler too, but professes to have a wiser head than mine. He is always warning me against you—against joining a strike—against doing anything to endanger my skin. I always went by his advice till you taught me that it is well enough for women to talk and complain; men should dare and do."

"Nevertheless," said Lebeau, "your brother is a safer counsellor to a *père de famille* than I. I repeat what I have so often said before: I desire, and I resolve that the Empire of M. Buonaparte shall be overthrown. I see many concurrent circumstances to render that desire and

resolve of practicable fulfilment. You desire and resolve the same thing. Up to that point we can work together. I have encouraged your action only so far as it served my design; but I separate from you the moment you would ask me to aid *your* design in the hazard of experiments which the world has never yet favoured, and, trust me, Monnier, the world never will favour."

"That remains to be seen," said Monnier, with compressed, obstinate lips. "Forgive me, but you are not young; you belong to an old school."

"Poor young man!" said Lebeau, re-adjusting his spectacles, "I recognize in you the genius of Paris, be the genius good or evil. Paris is never warned by experience. Be it so. I want you so much, your enthusiasm is so fiery, that I can concede no more to the mere sentiment which makes me say to myself, 'It is a shame to use, this great-hearted, wrong-headed creature for my personal ends.' I come at once to the point—that is, the matter on which I seek you this evening. At my suggestion, you have been a ringleader in strikes which have terribly shaken the Imperial system, more than its Ministers deem; now I want a man like you to assist in a bold demonstration against the Imperial resort to a rural priest-ridden suffrage, on the part of the enlightened working class of Paris."

"Good!" said Monnier.

"In a day or two the result of the *plébiscite* will be known. The result of universal suffrage will be enormously in favour of the desire expressed by one man."

"I don't believe it," said Monnier, stoutly. "France cannot be so hoodwinked by the priests."

"Take what I say for granted," resumed Lebeau, calmly. "On the 8th of this month we shall know the amount of the majority—some millions of French votes. I want Paris to separate itself from France, and declare against those blundering millions. I want an *émeute*, or rather a menacing *démonstration*—not a premature revolution, mind. You must avoid bloodshed."

"It is easy to say that beforehand; but when a crowd of men once meets in the streets of Paris—"

"It can do much by meeting, and cherishing resentment if the meeting be dispersed by an armed force, which it would be waste of life to resist."

"We shall see when the time comes,"

said Monnier, with a fierce gleam in his bold eyes.

"I tell you, all that is required at this moment is an evident protest of the artisans of Paris against the votes of the 'rurals' of France. Do you comprehend me?"

"I think so; if not, I obey. What we *ouvriers* want is what we have not got—a head to dictate action to us."

"See to this, then. Rouse the men you can command. I will take care that you have plentiful aid from foreigners. We may trust to the *confédérés* of our council to enlist Poles and Italians; Gaspard le Noy will turn out the volunteer rioters at his command. Let the *émeute* be within, say a week, after the vote of the *plébiscite* is taken. You will need that time to prepare."

"Be contented—it shall be done."

"Good night, then." Lebeau leisurely took up his hat and drew on his gloves—then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he turned briskly on the artisan and said in quick blunt tones—

"Armand Monnier, explain to me why it is that you—a Parisian artisan, the type of a class the most insubordinate, the most self-conceited, that exists on the face of earth—take without question, with so docile a submission, the orders of a man who plainly tells you he does not sympathize in your ultimate objects, of whom you really know very little, and whose views you candidly own you think are those of an old and obsolete school of political reasoners."

"You puzzle me to explain," said Monnier, with an ingenuous laugh, that brightened up features stern and hard, though comely when in repose. "Partly, because you are so straightforward, and do not talk *blague*; partly, because I don't think the class I belong to would stir an inch unless we had a leader of another class—and you give *me* at least that leader. Again, you go to that first stage which we all agree to take, and—well, do you want me to explain more?"

"Yes."

"*Eh bien!* you have warned me, like an honest man; like an honest man I warn you. That first step we take together; I want to go a step further; you retreat, you say, 'No:.' I reply you are committed; that further step you must take, or I cry '*traître! —à la lanterne!*' You talk of 'superior experience:.' bah! what does experience really tell you? Do you suppose that Louis Egalité, when he began to plot against Louis XVI,

meant to vote for his kinsman's execution by the guillotine? Do you suppose that Robespierre, when he commenced his career as the foe of capital punishment, foresaw that he should be the Minister of the Reign of Terror? Not a bit of it. Each was committed by his use of those he designed for his tools: so must you be—or you perish."

Lebeau, leaning against the door, heard the frank avowal he had courted without betraying a change of countenance. But when Armand Monnier had done, a slight movement of his lips showed emotion; was it of fear or disdain?

"Monnier," he said, gently; "I am so much obliged to you for the manly speech you have made. The scruples which my conscience had before entertained are dispelled. I dreaded lest I, a declared wolf, might seduce into peril an innocent sheep. I see I have to deal with a wolf of younger vigour and sharper fangs than myself; so much the better: obey my orders now; leave it to time to say whether I obey yours later. *Au revoir.*"

From The Cornhill Magazine.
IN FRIENDSHIP.

Il faut dans ce bas monde aimer beaucoup de choses,
Pour savoir après tout ce qu'on aime le mieux. . . .
Il faut fouler au pieds des fleurs à peine écloses;
Il faut beaucoup pleurer, dire beaucoup d'adieux
De ces biens passagers que l'on goûte à demi
Le meilleur qui nous reste est un ancien ami, —

ALFRED de Musset says, in his sonnet to Victor Hugo: and as we live on we find out who are in truth the people that we have really loved, which of our companions belongs to us, linked in friendship as well as by the chances of life or relationship.

Sometimes it is not until they are gone that we discover who and what they were to us—those "good friends and true" with whom we were at ease, tranquil in the security of their kind presence. Some of us, the longer we live, only feel more and more that it is not in utter loneliness that the greatest peace is to be found. A little child starts up in the dark, and finding itself alone, begins to cry and toss in its bed, as it holds out its arms in search of a protecting hand; and men and women seem for the most part true to this first childish instinct as they awaken suddenly: (how strange these awakenings are, in what incongruous places and seasons do they come to us!) People turn helplessly, looking here and

there for protection, for sympathy, for affection, for charity of human fellowship; give it what name you like, it is the same cry for companionship, and terror of the death of silence and absence. Human Sympathy, represented by inadequate words or by clumsy exaggeration, by feeble signs or pangs innumerable, by sudden glories and unreasonable ecstasies, is, when we come to think of it, among the most reasonable of emotions. It is life indeed; it binds us to the spirit of our race as our senses bind us to the material world, and makes us feel at times as if we were indeed a part of nature herself, and chords responding to her touch.

People say that as a rule men are truer friends than women—more capable of friendship. Is this the result of a classical education? Do the foot-notes in which celebrated friendships are mentioned in brackets, stimulate our youth to imitate those stately togas, whose names and discourses come travelling down to us through two thousand years, from one country to another, from one generation to another, from one language to another, until they flash perhaps into the pages of Bohn's Classical Library, of which a volume has been lent to me from the study table on the hill? It is lying open at the chapter on friendship. "To me indeed, though he was snatched away, Scipio still lives, and will always live; for I love the virtue of a man, and assuredly of all things that either fortune or nature has bestowed upon me, I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio." So says Cicero, speaking by the mouth of Lælius and of Bohn, and the generous thought still lives after many a transmigration, though it exists now in a world where perhaps friendship is less thought of than in the days when Scipio was mourned. Some people have a special gift of their own for friendship; they transform a vague and abstract feeling for us into an actual voice and touch and response. As our life flows on—"a torrent of impressions and emotions bounded in by custom," a writer calls it whose own deep torrent has long since overflowed any narrow confining boundaries—the mere names of our friends might for many of us almost tell the history of our own lives. As one thinks over the roll, each name seems a fresh sense and explanation to the past. Some, which seem to have outwardly but little influence on our fate, tell for us the whole hidden

story of long years. One means perhaps passionate emotion, unreasonable reproach, tender reconciliation; another may mean injustice, forgiveness, remorse; while another speaks to us of all that we have ever suffered, all that we hold most sacred in life, and gratitude and trust un-failing. There is one name that seems to me like the music of Bach as I think of it, and another that seems to open at the Gospel of St. Matthew. "My dearest friend," a young man wrote to his mother only yesterday, and the simple words seemed to me to tell the whole history of their lives.

"After these two noble fruits of friendship, peace in the affections, and support of the judgment, followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels. I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions," says Lord Bacon, writing in the spirit of Cicero three hundred years ago.

To be in love is a recognized state; relationship without friendship is perhaps too much recognized in civilized communities; but friendship, that best blessing of life, seems to have less place in its scheme than almost any other feeling of equal importance. Of course it has its own influence; but the outward life appears, on the whole, more given to business, to acquaintance, to ambition, to eating and drinking, than to the friends we really love: and time passes, and convenience takes us here and there, and work and worry (that we might have shared) absorb us, and one day time is no more for our friendship.

One or two of my readers will understand why it is that I have been thinking of friendship of late, and have chosen this theme for my little essay, thinking that not the least lesson in life is surely that of human sympathy, and that to be a good friend is one of the secrets that comprise most others. And yet the sacrifices that we usually make for a friend's comfort or assistance are ludicrous when one comes to think of them. "One mina, two minæ; are there settled values for friends, Antisthenes, as there are for slaves? For of slaves, one is perhaps worth two minæ, another not even half a mina, another five minæ, another ten." Antisthenes agrees, and says that some friends are not even worth half a mina; "and another," he says, "I would buy for my friend at the sacrifice of all the money and revenues in the world."

I am afraid that we modern Antisthenes would think a month's income a

serious sacrifice. If a friend is in trouble, we leave a card at his door, or go the length of a note, perhaps. We absent ourselves for months at a time without a reason, and yet all of this is more want of habit than of feeling; for, notwithstanding all that is said of the world and its pompous vanities, there are still human beings among us, and, even after two thousand years, true things seem to come to life again and again for each one of us, in this sorrow and that happiness, in one sympathy and another; and one day a vague essay upon friendship becomes the true story of a friend.

In this peaceful island from whence I write we hear Cicero's voice, or listen to *In Memoriam*, as the Friend sings to us of friendship to the tune of the lark's shrill voice, or of the wave that beats away our holiday and dashes itself upon the rocks in the little bay. The sweet scents and dazzles of sunshine seem to harmonize with emotions that are wise and natural, and it is not until we go back to our common life that we realize the difference between the teaching of noble souls and the noisy bewildered translation into life, of that solemn printed silence.

Is it, then, regret for buried time,
That keener in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the scene to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Here, then, and at peace, and out of doors in the spring-time, we have leisure to ask ourselves whether there is indeed some failure in the scheme of friendship and in the plan of that busy to-day in which our lives are passed; over-crowded with people, with repetition, with passing care and worry, and unsorted material. It is perhaps possible that by feeling, and feeling alone, some check may be given to the trivial rush of meaningless repetition by which our time is frittered away, our precious power of love and passionate affection given to the winds.

Sometimes we suddenly realize for the first time the sense of kindness, the treasure of faithful protection, that we have unconsciously owed for years, for our creditor has never claimed payment or reward, and we remember with natural emotion and gratitude that the time for payment is past; we shall be debtors all

our lives long—debtors made richer by one man's generosity and liberal friendship, as we may be any day made poorer in heart by unkindness or want of truth.

Only a few weeks ago a friend passed from among us whose name for many, for the writer among the rest, spoke of a whole chapter in life, one of those good chapters to which we go back again and again. This friend was one of those who make a home of life for others, a home to which we all felt that we might come sure of a wise and unfailing sympathy. The door opens, the friend comes in slowly with a welcoming smile on his pale and noble face. Where find more delightful companionship than his? We all know the grace of that charming improvised gift by which he seemed able to combine disjointed hints and shades into a whole, to weave our crude talk and ragged suggestions into a complete scheme of humorous or more serious philosophy. In some papers published a few years ago in the *Cornhill Magazine*, called "Chapters on Talk," a great deal of his delightful and pleasant humour appears.

Occupying a foremost position among these, I find a small, but for its size exceedingly vigorous and active member of the garrulous species, to which the name "Perpetual-drop Talker" may perhaps be given with some degree of propriety. In dealing with a new branch of science, as I am now doing, the use of new terms is inevitable, and it is hoped that this one, and such other technical expressions as have been introduced in the course of these chapters, will be favourably received by talk-students generally. The Perpetual-drop Talker then—I will venture to consider the term as accepted—is a conversationalist of a species easily recognizable by all persons possessed of even moderate acuteness of perception. The chief and most remarkable characteristic of him is that his chatter is incessant, and that there issues from his mouth a perpetual dribble of words, which convey to the ears of those who hear them no sort of information worth having, no new thing worth knowing, no idea worth listening to. These talkers are found in the British Isles in great numbers. There is no difficulty in meeting with specimens. If you live in a street, and will only sit at your window for a sufficient length of time, one of them is sure to pass. He has a companion with him, the recipient of that small dropping talk. Perpetual Drop points with his stick, calling his friend's attention to a baker's shop—what is he saying? He is saying, "Ah, German, you see: Frantzmänn, German name. Great many German bakers in London: Germans and Scotch: nearly all bakers are either one or the other." You continue to watch, and you observe that this loquacious gentleman is again pointing.

"Where you see those houses," he is saying now, "there was nothing but green fields when I was a boy. Not a brick to be seen anywhere." And so he goes on commenting on everything. Whatever his senses inform him of, he seems obliged to put on record. "Piebald horse," he says as one goes by him in an omnibus; or, "Curious smell," as he passes the fried-fish stall. This is the man with whom we have all travelled in railway-trains. He proclaims to his companion—a person much to be pitied—the names of the stations as the train arrives at each—"Ah, Croydon," he says; or, "Ah, Redhill,—going to stop, I see." He makes his comments when they do stop. "Little girl with fruit," he says; or, "Boy with papers." Very likely he will imitate the peculiar cry of this last—"Mornin' papaw," for his friend's benefit. This kind of talker may be studied very advantageously in railway-trains. He is familiar with technical terms. He remarks, when there is a stoppage, that we are "being shunted on to the up-line till the express goes by." Presently there is a shriek, and a shake, and a whirl, and then our friend looks round with triumph. "That was it," he says; "Dover express, down-line." This is a very wearying personage. He cannot be quiet. If he is positively run out and without a remark to make, he will ask a question. Instead of telling you what the station is, he will in this case ask you to tell him. "What station is this?" is a favorite inquiry with him. He doesn't want to know: he is not going to stop at it: he merely asks because his mouth is full of words, and they must needs dribble out in some form or other. In this case it takes an interrogative form. A tiresome individual this: one cannot help speculating how many times in the course of his life he has thought it necessary to inform his fellow-creatures that the morning has been fine or cold, as the case might be, and the weather generally seasonable, or the reverse.

I have not said much all this time about good listeners. They are scarce, almost as scarce as good talkers. A good listener is no egotist, but has a moderate opinion of himself, is possessed of a great desire of information on all kinds of subjects, and of a hundred other fine qualities. It is too much the general impression that listening is a merely negative proceeding, but such is very far from being really the case. A perfectly inert person is not a good listener, any more than a bolster is. You require the recipient of your talk to manifest intelligence, to show interest, and, what is more, to feel it. The fact is, that to listen well—as to do anything else well—is not easy. It is not easy even to seem to listen well, as we observe notably in the conduct of bad actors and stage amateurs, who break down in this particular, perhaps more often and more frequently than in any other.

But it was even more in his society than in his writing that our friend showed himself as he was. His talking was un-

like that of anybody else; it sometimes put me in mind of another voice out of the past. There was an earnest wit, a gentle audacity and simplicity of expression that made it come home to us all. Of late, E. R. was saying he spoke with a quiet and impressive authority that we all unconsciously acknowledged. The end of pain was near. Of his long sufferings he never complained. But if he spoke of himself, it was with some kind little joke or humorous conceit and allusion to the philosophy of endurance, nor was it until after his death that we knew what his martyrdom had been, nor with what courage he had borne it.

He thought of serious things very constantly, although not in the conventional manner. One of the last times that we met he said to me, "I feel more and more convinced that the love of the Father is not unlike that of an earthly father, and that as an earthly father, so He rejoices in the prosperity and material well-doing of his children." Another time, quoting from the *Roundabout Papers*, he said suddenly, "'Be good, my dear.' Depend upon it, that is the whole philosophy of life; it is very simple."

Speaking of a friend, he said with some emotion, "I think I love M. as well as if he were dead."

He had a fancy, that we all used to laugh over with him, of a great central building, something like the Albert Hall, for friends to live in together, with galleries for the sleepless to walk in at night.

Perhaps some people may think that allusions so personal as these are scarcely fitted for the pages of a Magazine, but what is there in truth more unpersonal than the thought of a wise and gentle spirit, of a generous and truthful life? Here is a life that belongs to us all; we have all been the better for the existence of the one man. He could not be good without doing good in his generation, nor speak the truth as he did without adding to the sum of true things. And the lesson that he taught us was—"Let us be true to ourselves; do not let us be afraid to be ourselves, to love each other and to speak and to trust in each other."

Last night the moon rose very pale at first, then blushing flame-like through the drifting vapours as they rose far beyond the downs; a great black-bird sat watching the shifting shadowy worlds from the bare branch of a tree, and the colts in the field set off scampering. Later, about

eleven o'clock, the mists had dissolved into a silent silver and nightingale-broken dream—in which were vaporious downs, moonlight, sweet sudden stars, and clouds drifting, like some slow flight of silver birds. L— took us to a little terrace at the end of his father's garden. All the kingdoms of the night lay spread before us, bounded by dreams. For a minute we stood listening to the sound of the monotonous wave that beats away our time in this pleasant place, and then it ceased—and in the utter silence a cuckoo called, and then the nightingale began, and then the wave answered once more. It will all be a dream to-morrow, as we stumble into the noise, and light, and work of life again. Monday comes commonplace, garish, and one can scarce believe in the mystical Sunday night. And yet this tranquil Sunday night is more true than the flashiest gas-lamp in Piccadilly. Natural things seem inspired at times, and beyond themselves, and to carry us upwards and beyond our gas-lamps; so do people seem revealed to us at times in the night, when all is peace.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE TRAVELLER'S CALENDAR.

[THE following List has been compiled for travellers anxious to make the best use of their time abroad. Curious and interesting events are often missed from not knowing when they occur. The writer went to Naples a few years ago to see the "liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius" on the 19th to 26th September. By waiting till December he might have included in one journey of very little more extent, the great *Festa* of the year at Loreto (Dec. 10), the "liquefaction" at Naples (Dec. 16), and Christmas Day at Rome—two of which events he missed merely for want of some such list as that now given. It is hoped that the somewhat unusual appearance of such a calendar in *Macmillan* will be pardoned by its readers for the sake of the end it seeks to gain. Every care has been taken to insure accuracy in the dates, but mistakes will inevitably occur in a first attempt, and the writer will be glad to receive corrections or suggestions for use in a republication next year, should the calendar meet with approval.—
EDITOR *M. M.*]

I. IMMOVABLE.

January.

- i. The Circumcision. Papal Chapel at the Sistine; * drawing for patron

* "Papal Chapel" signifies the presence of the

saints at Sta. Maria in Campitelli, Rome.

Commencement of a fair at Leipzig. General holiday in Paris; great display of *étrennes*.

2. Festival in the Alhambra; anniversary of the Catholic conquest of Granada.
5. Fair of the Befano, St. Eustachio, Rome.
6. The Epiphany. Procession in the Ara Coeli Church, and benediction with the Santo Bambino from the top of the steps; services in different languages and with various rituals, at the Propaganda Church and Sant' Andrea della Valle, throughout the Octave.
8. Ste. Gudule. Festival at Ste. Gudule, Brussels.
17. St. Anthony's Day. Blessing of horses, mules, and cattle at Sant' Antonio, Rome; with a popular festival also, at San Antonio, Madrid; and, after a procession of mules round the church, at San Antonio, Barcelona.
- Festival of St. Anthony, Padua.
18. Chair of St. Peter. Pontifical Mass and procession of the Pope in St. Peter's, Rome.
- (January 6 in Old Style. Epiphany of the Greek Church.) Fair at Kharkoff, South Russia.
- Fair at Orel, south of Moscow, lasts till February 1.
- A crucifix blessed by the Greek bishops and priests on the shore of the Bosphorus, then thrown in the sea to be dived for.
20. St. Sebastian. Festival at San Sebastiano; popular fête of the Miraculous Medal at Sant' Andrea della Valle, Rome.
21. Festival of St. Meinrad at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland.
- St. Agnes' Day. Two lambs blessed at Sta. Agnese, Rome.
23. Festival of San Ildefonso, at Toledo.
25. Conversion of St. Paul. Chains exhibited at San Paolo, Rome.
29. Festival of St. Francis de Sales at Annecy.

Pope, "Cardinals' Chapel" the presence of the Cardinals, at High Mass or Vespers. The Pope himself says mass only thrice a year — on Easter Day, Christmas Day, and June 29. It must be remembered that since Rome has been occupied by Victor Emmanuel her festivals have lost their brilliancy, and in many instances have been suspended.

A fair held in this month on the ice, at Nijni Novgorod.

February.

1. St. Ignatius. Illumination of the subterranean church of San Clemente, Rome, where he lies.
2. The Purification. Procession with candles at St. Peter's, Rome.
- 5 to 10. Festival of Sta. Agata, Catania, Sicily.
9. Festival of Ste. Appolline at Louvain.
10. Musical festival commemorating the birth of Grétry, at Liège.
12. Festival of St. Eulalia, Barcelona.
22. Illumination round the miraculous pillar, Cathedral of Zaragoza.
23. Festival of St. Marta, Astorga.

March.

1. Festival of San Hiscio, at Tarifa, Gibraltar.
9. Sta. Francesca Romana. Fête at the Tor de Specchi, and at the Casa degli Esercizj, Rome.
13. Festival of St. Gregory, at San Gregorio, Rome.
12. "Fiesta de las reliquias," Oviedo.
19. Festival of St. Joseph, at Badajos.
- Fête in San Giuseppe, Rome.
25. The Annunciation. Papal Chapel, Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, Rome.
- Festival at the Annunziata Church, Florence.
- "Kermesse de Messine," at Mons.
- Festival at Tinos: pilgrimages from all parts of Greece.

April.

4. Festival of San Vincente at Valencia.
23. St. George's Day. Festival, flower fair and tournaments, at Barcelona.
- Exposition of relics, San Giorgio in Velabro, Rome.
- A fair commences at Augsburg, lasting a fortnight.
- Also St. Adalbert's Day. Great fair at Gniessen, in Prussian Poland.
25. St. Mark. Procession of clergy from San Marco to St. Peter's, Rome.
- Festival at Venice.
- 25 to 27. Fair of Mairena, Seville.
26. Translation of Sta. Leocadia. Festival at Toledo.
- Pilgrimages to Genazzano in the Sabine Hills.
30. Festival of St. Catherine at Siena, and at the Minerva, Rome.

On the second Thursday in April, a Swiss celebration of the victory of Näfels, on the battle-field.

Fairs are held in this month at Seville and at Alessandria.

May.

1. Popular holiday in the Augarten, Vienna.
Fair at Xeres, Spain.
Pilgrimage to St. Walpurga's Church, Eichstadt, Bavaria.
Processions at Russon, in Belgium : Tournai, and Haeceldover.
2. "Dos de Maio," political festival at Madrid.
3. Invention Holy Cross ; relics carried in procession through Milan.
Relics exposed at Santo Croce, Rome.
5. (St. George's day, April 23, O. S.)
Festival of St. George's Monastery in the Crimea.
Fair at Elisavetgrad, Russia.
8. Pilgrimage to St. Michael's Church, Manfredonia, Naples.
Fête of San Michele, Tivoli.
15. Festival of San Isidro, Madrid ; "Romeria," singing, dancing.
- 16 to 24. Festival of St. John Nepomuk at Prague ; concourse of pilgrims ; Mass on the great bridge.
16. Pilgrimage to the house of St. John Nepomuk, near Pilsen.
20. Horse Fair at Ronda, near Gibraltar.
25. Pilgrimage to Santiago de Peñalva, in the "Vierzo," province of Leon, Spain.
26. San Filippo Neri. Papal Chapel, Chiesa Nuova, Rome : his rooms shown.
30. Military Mass and exposition of the body of St. Ferdinand in Seville Cathedral.

First Sunday in May.—Miracle of St. Januarius, Naples. Feast of the translation of his relics.

Pilgrimages at Louvain.

First Monday in May.—Festival in Bruges.

First Friday in May.—Sham battle fought by the women of Jaca, in the Pyrenees.

Last Monday in May or first Monday in June.—Procession of the Tramontana, Figueras, Asturias.

June.

- 5 to 7. Fair at Granada.
13. Festival of San Antonio, Madrid.
15. Sailing of the fleet of herring-boats from Vlaardinger, Rotterdam.
Through the eight Sundays of the fishing season sermons are preached on sea-shore in Rügen.
16. Once in every three years the "Fête de la luminara" at Pisa, with illuminations.

Festival "du sacré cœur" at Marseille, commemorating the cessation of a great plague.

18. Festival of San Ciriaco and Sta. Paula, at Malaga.

13. Eve of St. John Baptist, or Midsummer Day. Bonfires in Norway.

Pilgrimage to St. Jean du Doigt, Brittany.

Fireworks and races of bare-backed horses, at Florence.

24. St. John Baptist. Chariot races, High Mass in cathedral, and illuminations, at Florence.

Papal Chapel, San Giovanni Laterano, Rome.

Festival-day at Seville, at Zaragoza, and at Toledo.

Relics of St. John carried in procession in Genoa Cathedral.

Horse Fair at Leon.

(O. S. June 12.) Fair at Berdichef, South Russia.

26. Festival of St. Vigilius, at Trent.

28. Eve of St. Peter and St. Paul. Vespers in Papal Chapel at St. Peter's ; illumination of the dome.

The pilgrimage for Maria Zell leaves Vienna.

29. St. Peter and St. Paul. High Mass by the Pope in St. Peter's ; exposition of relics at San Giovanni in Laterano ; fireworks and girandoles on Monte Pincio.

The Mamertine prisons illuminated through the Octave.

Swiss wrestling match at Schupfheim.

- 29 to July 18. Fair at Pamplona, Navarre.

The Miracle Play at Ober Ammergau, which occurs every ten years, begins on the first Sunday in June, and is continued each Sunday till the end of September. It takes place next in 1880.

July.

6. Pilgrimage returns to Vienna from Maria Zell.

- 2 to 4. Festival of the Madonna dell' Orto, Rapello, on the Riviera ; illuminations on the coast.

4. Declaration of American Independence.

6. (June 24, O. S.) Festival at Boujah, near Smyrna, commencing on the previous evening.

Horse Fair at Nijni Novgorod.

7. Festival of St. Firmin, Pamplona ; procession of "los gigantes."

(June 25, O. S.) Fair held round the Cathedral of the Nativity, at Murom, Russia.

8. Commemoration of the victory of Sempach, on the battle-field.

9 to 12. (June 27 to 30.) Fair at the monastery of Walaam, Lake Ladoga.

10 to 24. Once in every seven years, exhibition of the "grandes reliques" at Aix-la-Chapelle, relics sent by Haroun to Charlemagne. Next year of exhibition, 1874.

11 to 15. Festival of Sta. Rosalia, Palermo. Illumination of the cathedral on the 15th.

14. (July 2, O. S.) Festival of the miraculous image at Riazan, south of Moscow.

16 and following Sunday. Festival of the Virgin del Carmen, Santander.

20 to August 8. Fair at Sinigaglia, on the coast above Ancona.

21 to August 1. Festival of the great Convent of Assisi.

22. Pilgrimage to a little church on the Rigi, followed by wrestling, jödeling, &c.

(July 10, O. S.) Great fair at Poltava, Russia, lasting for a month.

25. St. James. Festival at Santiago de Compostella, at Barcelona, and throughout Spain.

Country festivals and bonfires in Swabia and in Switzerland.

31. S. Ignatius Loyola. Festival at the Gesù, Rome.

Festival at Escalonilla, Estremadura.

31 and August 1. Pilgrimages from Smyrna to the Convent of Elias.

First Sunday in July.—Festival of St. Rombauld, Malines.

Second Sunday.—Festival at Louvain, Kermesse at Ghent.

Sunday following July 15.—Procession of the miraculous wafer, in Ste. Gudule, at Brussels.

Last Sunday in July.—Procession at Furnes, in Belgium.

Swiss wrestling matches are held on the Sunday following July 6th, at Seelalp, on the Sunday following July 25th at Batersalp, and on the 26th at Sachsen and on the Engstenalp.

In this month a great fair is held at Tarascon, on the Rhone, opposite Beaucaire.

Throughout July the "Turnervereine" hold their meetings in Germany.

Late in the month the "Kermesse" is held in Brussels.

Throughout the month numerous pilgrimages to St. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany.

Every five years a festival of the guilds

is held in Malines; it will next occur in 1874.

In July of this year a great "Sängerfest" is to be held at Lucerne, in a colossal temporary theatre.

August.

The great fair of Nijni Novgorod is best visited at the end of August; it lasts from about July 27 to September 22 (July 15 to September 10, O.S.).

1. St. Peter's Chains. Festival at San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

1 and 2. Great festival at Assisi.

4. St. Dominic. Fête at the Minerva, Rome.

5. Sta. Maria ad Nives. Cardinals' Chapel in Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome. White flowers showered from the roof of the Borghese Chapel during the function.

6. Festival at Oviedo and at Avila.

10. Fête des drapiers, Vire, Normandy. San Lorenzo. Fête in his churches.

12 or 14. Pilgrimages from Gratz to Maria Zell.

15. Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. High Mass in presence of the Pope, at Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome: benediction from the balcony.

Pilgrimage to Monte di Roccia, Susa. Pilgrimage to Sta. Maria delle Grazie, near Mantua.

Pilgrimage to the Sacro Monte, Verrone, Piedmont.

Festival at Church of the Madonna di Soviore, Spezia.

Festival at Capodimonte, Naples. Pilgrimage to Massa Lubrese, Sorrento.

Fête de la Vara, Messina.

Decorations and musical services, Florence.

Great festival throughout Spain.

Fair at Xerez, Spain.

Festival at Tinos; pilgrimages there from Greece.

Great festival of Notre Dame de la Garde, Marseille. The silver statue is carried into the town the previous evening on sailors' shoulders; taken through the streets on August 15 in solemn procession; and next day the sailors bear it back to the Chapel, with "stations" by the way.

16. Horse races at Siena, Italy.

19. Festival of Sta. Agata, Catania, Sicily.

20. Festival of St. Stephen of Hungary, at Pesth.

- Festivals of St. Greiras and St. Roque, near Gibraltar.
22. Exposition of St. Ferdinand's body, and military music, in Seville Cathedral.
26. Commemoration at Basle of the battle of St. Jacques.
27. Festival of St. Teresa in Spain. (August 15, O.S.) Festival in Cathedral of the Assumption, Moscow. Fair at Berdichef, Russia. Festival at Bournabat, near Smyrna.
- 28, 29. (August 16, 17, O.S.) Festival at Troitska Monastery, Moscow.

First Sunday in August.— Festival at Yprès.

Swiss wrestling matches — August 10, at Rigi Kaltbad and the Tann Alp; 15, at Mont Joli; first Sunday in the month at Meyringen, and at the Wengern Alp; second and last Sundays at Ennetegg.

Sunday following August 15.— Kermesse at Antwerp. The Giant carried through the town on Rubens' Car.

In this month, festival of the Panegyris in Mitylene.

On August 17, 18, and 19 of this year, the Schumann Festival will be held at Bonn.

Late in August, or early in September, "Raft parties" in the Black Forest at Wildbad and other places.

September.

1. Blessing of fennel at the altar of St. Gil, Xativa, Spain.
- 1 to 19. Fair at Lugo, Ravenna.
4. Pilgrimage to Rosalien Capelle, near Vienna.
- Pilgrimage to Mt. Pellegrino, near Palermo.
8. Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Papal Chapel, Sta. Maria del Popolo, Rome.
- Festival on the Superga, Turin.
- Festival at Varallo; procession up the Calvary.
- Pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of N. Donna dei fiori, at Brà, south of Turin.
- Festival at Florence — "rificolone," and decoration of street altars.
- Fair at Locarno, on Lago Maggiore.
- Festival at Piedigrotta, Naples.
- Festival at St. Ulrich, among the Dolomites.
- Pilgrimage to Nra. Señora de Covadonga, in the Asturias.
- Pilgrimage to the miraculous image of the Peña de Francia, near Ciudad Rodrigo.

Pilgrimage to the Cueva Santa, Alcubas, Valencia.

Processions and open-air Mass at Vienna.

8 to 10. Festivals of N. Sra. de Fuentisanta, Cordova.

9. Viennese popular holiday to Maria Brunn.

14. Festival of the Engel Weihe, with open-air Mass and illuminations at Einsiedeln.

Festival at the Cruz de Sobrarve, Pyrenees.

17. Festival of St. Lambert, Münster Cathedral.

19 to 26. Miracle and great Feast of St. Januarius, Naples.

20 to 30. Fair at Valladolid.

20 to Oct. 12. (Sept. 8 to 31, O.S.) Fair at Orel, south of Moscow.

21. Fair at Reinosa, Burgos.

22. Festival at the Abbey of St. Moritz, Canton Valais, Switzerland. High mass and processions; illuminations on previous evening.

23. Festival of Sta. Tecla, at Tarragona.

23 to 26. Fêtes de Septembre, Brussels. On the 23rd a Requiem Mass in Ste. Gudule.

28. Festival of St. Wenceslaus at Prague. Volksfest at Cannstadt.

29. St. Michael's Day. Service at St. Michael's Hermitage, Wildkirchli, Appenzell.

Fair at Leipsic.

Exposition of the miraculous "Forma" at the Escorial.

Pilgrimage to Liria, Valencia.

29 to Oct. 5. Fair at Alicante.

Swiss wrestling matches, first Sunday in the month and Sunday following the 21st, at Ennetegg; Sept. 29, at Schöpfheim.

First Sunday in September.— Kermesse at Hal.

On the second Monday in September the Kirmes begins at Amsterdam, lasting about a fortnight. The first Saturday is the chief day.

October.

1. Day of pilgrimage to Lourdes.
4. Festival of St. Francis at Assisi.
5. Festival of San Froylan, Leon.
8. Festival at Seidekeim, eight miles from Smyrna.
9. Festival at Xerez.
12. Festival of the Virgin's descent, at Zaragoza.
28. Exposition of the miraculous "Forma" at the Escorial.

29. Festival of San Narciso at Gerona, Catalonia.

29. to Nov. 4. Fair at Moncalieri, near Turin.

31. Eve of All Saints. Visits paid to the cemetery of St. Sebastian, Seville.

First Sunday of October.—Rosary Sunday. Great procession from the Minerva, Rome.

"Rosenkranzsonntag." Festival at Einsiedeln.

Processions in Belgium, at Namur, Nivelles, &c.

A Volksfest begins at Munich, lasting two or three days.

In the first week of this month a Volksfest, lasting two or three days, at Wertheim, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Sundays and Thursdays in this month, popular holidays in Rome, on the Monte Testaccio.

Sunday nearest October 14.—Procession of Ste. Angadrème at Beauvais, in commemoration of the siege.

Third Sunday in October.—Kermesse of the Emperor Joseph, in Austria.

November.

1. All Saints. Crowds visit the Naples cemeteries, and the Campo Santo, Rome.

In the confraternity cemeteries at Rome, waxen tableaux, life-size, in impromptu theatres, represent Scripture subjects or scenes from the lives of martyrs: exposed all through the Octave.

2. All Souls. Cemeteries at Seville, at Barcelona, and throughout Spain, much visited.

Crowds visit Père la Chaise, Paris. Graves in Bohemia and in Munich decked with flowers and lights. Cemeteries in Vienna much visited.

4. San Carlo Borromeo. Great fête at Milan.

Papal Chapel, San Carlo al Corso, Rome.

6. Festival at Bremen.

11 and 25. Days of public shooting on the Lake of Albufera, Valencia.

16. Commemorative service on the battle-field of Morgarten, Switzerland.

22. St. Cecilia. Festival in Sta. Cecilia, Rome, and illumination of catacomb of San Callisto.

23. St. Clement. Festival in San Clement, Rome, and illumination of the subterranean church.

December.

3. S. Francis Xavier. Fête at the Gesù, Rome, and at Sta. Lucia, Bologna.

4. Fête of the artillerymen, and military mass at Sta. Maria in Transpontina, Rome.

6. Festival at Alicante.

8. Immaculate Conception. Papal Chapel in Sistine, Rome.

Through the Octave, solemn dancing of the Seises in Seville Cathedral.

9. (Nov. 27, O. S.) Festival at Kursk.

10. Great Festival at the Santa Casa in Loreto.

16. Miracle of St. Januarius, Naples. Feast of his "Patrocinio."

21. Fair at Barcelona.

24. Christmas Eve. "Presepe" in every church and house in Naples.

Procession of the Holy Crib in Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome.

Nocturnal services at the Vatican, Sistine Chapel, &c.

25. Christmas Day. High Mass by the Pope in St. Peter's.

Festival of the "Presepe" at the Ara Cœli. Sermons preached by boys daily for ten days afterwards.

26. S. Stephen. Popular fête, San Stefano Rotondo, Rome.

31. Te Deum, attended by Pope and Cardinals, at the Gesù, Rome.

II. MOVABLE FESTIVALS.

Carnival.—At Rome this begins on the Saturday week before Ash Wednesday, and lasts to Shrove Tuesday. Masquerades and horse-races each afternoon; lighting and blowing out of the tapers on the last evening.

At Florence, processions, &c.

At Milan the Carnival lasts till first Sunday in Lent, through the "Ambrosian rite" observed there.

In Spain the Carnival is best seen at Barcelona (where, on the first day of Lent, "the Carnival is buried"); at Malaga; at Madrid, for three days. At Seville, solemn dancing of the Seises in the Cathedral.

In Belgium the Carnival is kept for three days before Ash Wednesday at Antwerp, Courtrai, &c. The first Sunday in Lent is a great Carnival day at Bruges, Grammont, &c.

In Germany the Carnival is most observed at Cologne, and in Bohemia, on the three days before Ash Wednes-

day. At Munich the "Metzgersprung" on the Monday before Ash Wednesday.

At Lucerne a curious grotesque procession takes place on the Thursday before Ash Wednesday.

Ash Wednesday.—High Mass in St. Peter's; sprinkling of ashes on the heads of the Cardinals.

Third Sunday in Lent.—Exposition of relics, and great concourse of people at San Lorenzo, Rome, "Carnevaletto delle donne."

During Lent, Passion Plays frequent at Madrid, and throughout Spain.

Passion Sunday.—A sermon in the open air at Seville.

Palm Sunday.—The Pope is carried into St. Peter's, consecrates the palms, and is carried round the building.

Tuesday to Thursday in Holy Week.—"Foire aux jambons," Paris.

Good Friday.—Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" sung at the Jesuits' Church, Munich.

"Holy Sepulchre" in every church at Vienna: great crowds.

Easter Eve.—Great Court procession at Vienna in the Imperial Palace.

Easter Sunday.—Naples. Pilgrimage of Antignano.

Easter Monday.—Chief day on the Prater, Vienna.

Second Sunday after Easter.—Great fair of Leipzig begins, for three weeks.

In the Rogation Days processions at Rome: at Bruges, Nivelles, and throughout Belgium.

Ascension Day.—Papal Chapel at St. John Lateran, Rome, with the Pope's benediction given from the balcony.

Gathering of the tribe of the Maragatos at Astorga; dancing.

Popular festival at Coire.

Sunday after Ascension Day.—Festival at Tell's Chapel, on the Lake of Lucerne. High Mass and patriotic sermon. Congregation in boats.

Whit Sunday.—Papal Chapel in Sistine Chapel, Rome.

Pilgrimage (during five days) to Monte Virgine, near Naples. Peasants' dances at Mercogliano.

Whit Monday.—Peasants' ball in the Adelsberg caverns (illuminated).

Peasants' dances and illuminations in the Nebelhöhle Cavern, near Lichtenstein, Würtemberg.

Festival at Toulouse, with processions. "Fête des corps saints."

Procession at Nivelles, Belgium.

Whit Tuesday.—Pilgrimage to St.

Willibrod's Church, Echternach, Luxemburg. Dancing procession.

Pilgrimages to Hal, in Belgium.

The "Niederrheinische Musikfest" is held yearly, at Whitsuntide, in Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Düsseldorf, or Elberfeld. This year it will be at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Trinity Sunday.—Procession of the Lumeçon at Mons.

Pilgrimage to Walcourt, Belgium.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

Every evening, at the Trinità dei Pellegrini, the feet of pilgrims are washed by noble ladies.

Wednesday.—"Tenebræ," with gradual extinguishing of lights.

"Miserere," sung before the Pope in the Sistine Chapel.

Holy Thursday.—High Mass in Sistine Chapel; procession of the Pope to the Pauline Chapel, which is illuminated; he blesses the people from the balcony in front of St. Peter's.

"Lavandaia." The Pope washes the feet of thirteen priests in St. Peter's.

"Cena." The Pope waits on the thirteen priests at table, in the Vatican. "Tenebræ" and "Miserere" in the Sistine Chapel. Illumination of Pauline and other chapels.

Good Friday.—"Tenebræ" repeated, and "Miserere."

Adoration of relics in St. Peter's, by the Pope.

Saturday.—Public baptism of Jews, &c., in the Baptistery of Constantine.

Palestrina Mass. Easter Eve service at St. Peter's.

Easter Sunday.—The Pope carried into St. Peter's; celebrates Mass; silver trumpets sounded. Benediction from balcony. Illumination of the dome.

Easter Monday.—Fireworks.

Florence.—Easter Eve. "Lo scoppio del carro." Fireworks in front of the Duomo.

HOLY WEEK IN SPAIN.

Great services at Seville, Toledo, Valencia, Valladolid, and other cities.

Processions of the "Pasos," ancient painted and clothed images.

"Monumentos" (great wooden temples) raised in the churches for the exposition of the Host.

Holy Thursday.—Procession of Pasos at Burgos.

Good Friday.—Illumination of the Monumento at Seville.

Processions of Pasos and banners in Seville, Burgos, &c.

Exhibition of relics at Oviedo.

Easter Eve.—Rending of the Veil at Seville.

Easter Monday.—Procession of the Sacrament.

Fair at El Padron, Santiago.

Festival at Torrijos, Estremadura.

Easter Eve to Easter Monday.—Fair at Seville for the sale of Paschal lambs.

"CORPUS CHRISTI," OR "CORPUS DOMINI."
(Thursday after Trinity Sunday.)

June 12, 1873.

A festival with processions at Trieste, Vienna, and other Roman Catholic cities. Chief festival of the year in Spain.

Seville.—The Quiresters or Seises dance before the high altar in the Cathedral, with castanets, and dresses of Philip III.'s time.

Valencia.—Religious procession: also at Toledo, Santiago, Barcelona, Granada, &c. Processions of "Pasos" and of the Sacrament.

Assembly and dances of the Maragatos at Astorga.

Rome.—High Mass in Sistine Chapel. The Pope then carries the Sacrament in procession to the Vatican Basilica.

Two processions every afternoon during the Octave in Rome.

Munich.—("Fronleichnamfest"). Guild processions and open-air services.

Ostend.—Blessing of the sea.

Portugal.—Image of St. George carried on horseback through the streets of Lisbon.

On the Octave day, procession at Genzano in the Alban hills; the streets carpeted with flowers.

GREEK CHURCH FESTIVALS.

Greek Easter.—Monday in Holy Week.—Bathing of pilgrims in the Jordan; encampment in the plains.

Easter Eve.—Ceremony of the Holy Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Ring of bells in Moscow.

Midnight services in Constantinople.

Easter Sunday.—Processions through the Streets of Pera (Constantinople).

Annual feast of the Church of Balukli, Constantinople.

Great celebration of Easter throughout Russia, especially at the Resurrection Monastery near Moscow.

Easter Festival.—Dances, &c., in Rhodes, at Archangelo.

Carnival and Easter Weeks.—Fairs and sledging on the Boulevards of Moscow.

Fifth and Sixth Weeks after Easter.—Fair at Oriel, south of Moscow.

Ninth Friday after Easter.—Miraculous image of the Virgin carried to a fair near Kursk; left there till Sept. 24 (12, O.S.).

Fifty days after Easter.—Fair of the *κατακλιση* in Cyprus.

Easter Sunday in the Greek Church is regulated by different laws from those which fix its date in the Western Churches. For this year it coincides with the Western Easter, falling on April 13 (April 1, O.S.). Next year it will fall on April 12 March 31, O.S.); in 1875, on April 25 (April 13, O.S.).

MAHOMETAN FESTIVALS.

The Turkish months are lunar, and 537 Turkish years correspond to 521 of our years. The Turkish year is thus ten or eleven days shorter than ours, and each month in the course of thirty-three or thirty-four years runs backwards through all the seasons of the year. The first of Ramadán for this year falls on Oct. 23; next year it will fall Oct. 13. Our system of leap year and the Turkish corresponding irregularity—19 years of 354 days to 11 years of 355 days—make it almost impossible to foretell with accuracy the correspondence of Mahometan and Christian dates.

The month of Ramadán is a period of strict fasting. This year it begins on October 23. On its 27th day (Nov. 18, 1873), falls the Leilet-al-Kadr, or night of predestination, celebrating the descent of the Koran from heaven. The Mosque of St. Sophia is illuminated, and the Sultan goes in procession through Constantinople. The Ramadán Beiram, "Eed-es-Sugheiyer," or lesser festival, one of the chief Mahometan festivals, succeeds the end of Ramadán, and occupies the first three days of Showál (November 22 to 24). Military parade by the Sultan at the old palace, Constantinople. Great festivities at Cairo.

Towards the end of Showál takes place the solemn departure of the pilgrims from Cairo for Mecca.

The Kurbán Beiram, "Eed-el-Kebeer" or greater festival, falls on the 10th of Zul-haj (Jan. 28, 1874), and lasts for four days. It commemorates the sacrifice by Abraham of a ram instead of his son (not Isaac, but Ishmael, according to the Mahometans), and is observed with great festivities and sacrifices at Constantinople and Cairo: also at Mitylene, &c.

The Mahometan year 1291 commences

with the first day of the next month Moharram (February 16, 1874). On the 10th Moharram the anniversary of the death of El Hoseyn is celebrated at the Mosque of Azhar, in Cairo. (For an interesting account of this festival in India see the *Times* of April 15, 1873.)

Late in the following month Saffer, the pilgrims return from Mecca.

The Mirlood, or Moolid-en-Nebbee, the festival of the birth of the Prophet, lasts from the 3rd to the 12th of Rebea-el-Owwal, the last being the greatest day (about April 29th, 1874), when the Sultan goes in state to the Mosque of Ahmed at Constantinople, and when, at Cairo, the "Doseh" or "treading" is performed; two or three hundred men throw themselves on the ground, that the Sheykh may ride over them on horseback.

The Moolid-el-Hassaneyn, the celebration of the birthdays of El Hasan and El Hoseyn, the sons of Ali, falls in the next month, Rebeeh-l-akher, and is observed for eight days at Cairo with great festivities and illuminations, and religious services at the Mosque of the Hassaneyn.

In the month Regeb (commencing about August 24, 1873, and August 13, 1874) is held for a fortnight the festival of the Seyyideh, at the Mosque of the Seyyideh Zeyneb (the granddaughter of the Prophet) at Cairo.

On the 26th of Regeb is celebrated the ascent of the Prophet to heaven. On this occasion, and also on the festival of the founder of the Shafite sect, which falls during the following month Shaaban, the "Doseh" used to be performed at Cairo, but it is doubtful whether this is still the case.

Three times a year a great festival and fair is held at Tantah, between Alexandria and Cairo—the Viceroy often present. The "Cutting of the Canal"—piercing the dam of the river Nile—is performed with some ceremony at Cairo, about the second week in August. At the full moon of the months Regeb, Showal, and Zul-haj, solemn visits are paid to the cemetery of Minieh, on the Nile, above Cairo.

C. P.

From The St. James Magazine.
THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF
"THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE morning of the following day was very quiet indeed. As I have before said,

I had very few scholars to attend to in harvest time. Those who had to stop in felt the effects of the heat, and were very drowsy; they would not have kept awake at all if it had not been for looking at the flies and shadows cast on the windows by big waggon-loads going by, or for listening to the noises outside—the reapers' laughter, the barking of dogs, and the deep lowing of oxen standing at barn-doors. Children cannot spell and say their catechism all day without stopping and feeling sleepy.

I sat up at my raised desk, mending quills and writing the copies out, thinking meanwhile of Louise's troubles; of the satisfaction she had given me as a scholar, her good memory and kind heart; her departure for Molsheim, her visits during the holidays, and the little presents she loved to bring with her. I pitied her for having so hard-hearted a father—a man who could contemplate sacrificing her to the head-keeper for the gratification of his revenge and hate!

Each time a fresh cartful went by its contents spread a fragrant, sweet perfume through the schoolroom, and I could not help feeling sorry for the little ones who were deprived of their games and liberty in the free, open air.

On the first stroke of eleven I called for prayers, and gave the signal for departure. The little things soon slung on their small linen satchels, and were not slow in wishing me good-bye, happy to stretch their limbs and take a peep, before dinner, at the wires and traps they had set for young birds among the bushes that fringe the river-side.

I had put all the fly-sheets in the drawer, and now stood at the school-door looking at the long line of waggons that were being unloaded all down the street. Men were holding sheaves on the point of their gleaming pitchforks to girls, who, with extended arms, stood at the air-holes in lofts above. It was a scene of plenty that rejoiced the eye and heart; I forgot Louise for a while; but presently I saw her coming along on the shady side of the way, bowing to all the good people who knew her. She had no hat on; I was pained to observe she had grown thinner since I last saw her, and she was still very beautiful: the Rantzau nose in aquiline proportions and their firm chin lent an undaunted, commanding something to her features not often met in villages; but she seemed ailing, was very ill perhaps, and as I looked at her I thought,—

"Good heavens! is that my beloved Louise? Such a change in so little time!" It was not possible.

I felt heartsore when she came up to me and put her slender fingers in my hand.

"Monsieur Florent, I have a great favour to ask, and thought of you directly."

"We will walk up-stairs, my dear," I replied.

We did so. My wife and Juliette were laying the cloth; Louise said a word or two as we went through; I went straight, meanwhile, into the study, and closed the door after she had joined me.

She took a seat at the corner of my table, which was covered with fossils. I sat in my armchair with my back to the garden, looking at her and feeling very uneasy, for she seemed remarkably wan as she looked down, resting her thin cheek on one hand.

"I hear you called here yesterday, Louise, and found me absent."

"Yes, I did. I thought of what I had to say a long time before I made up my mind to come. What I am going to tell you is quite settled, Monsieur Florent; I have to ask you to do something for me."

"What is it, my dear?"

"I mean to be a nun."

"You, Louise, a nun? you, my child?" I exclaimed, in a strangled sort of voice. "You say you mean to give up your youth and all the blessings of this world? You are not in earnest."

She endeavoured to reply, but, not being able, took her small handkerchief out of her pocket, held it to her eyes, and placed one elbow on the table; she was not weeping, she was only trembling.

I waited for a moment or two. With her other hand Louise threw her hair back, and silence continued until she had recovered herself.

"I must," she said at last. "I never was so happy as when at Molsheim with the good sisters, and far from the world. It must be."

She spoke in great agitation. I was going to ask her the cause of her sudden determination, when she went on, —

"I have come to beg you will inform my father of my intention, Monsieur Florent; pray do so in the name of the old affection you bore me. I dare not; he is so violent — he frightens me."

She said this hesitatingly.

"Listen to me, Louise," I said, after having collected my thoughts. "All this

does not seem natural. In the first place, you are ill, and in such a state it is wrong to take extreme resolutions; it is an insult to God. Do you hear me? When the Almighty accepts a sacrifice, it has been made with single-heartedness, and by beings who are in the full possession of all their senses. I repeat that this is not your present condition. You cannot now measure the extent of the offering you fancy you are ready to make. There is something you have not told me. What is it?"

She did not answer.

"You will not tell?" I asked, after a pause, during which she had turned her face aside and looked paler than before. "Well, I know what it is — the whole village knows too. You do not want to marry Monsieur Lebel, and you think you will take a desperate resolve in order to elude your father's wishes. I will consent to give him your message simply to alarm him and see what he will say, that's all."

"Indeed, Monsieur Florent, I have quite made up my mind to take the veil."

"Well, well, we'll see," I cried. "George was quite correct; it is an abomination, a disgrace, a shame!"

I had never been in such a passion in my life. My voice must have been heard in the next room, even in the street. I had got up and was walking up and down like the Rantzaus. When I mentioned George's name Louise blushed.

"Did George speak of me?" she asked.

"Yes; he said you would be driven into doing a wicked thing, but that, being a Rantzaus, he had firm trust in your will, and that finally you would not allow yourself to be sacrificed, and would refuse to hold your hand out to such a bargain."

"Did he really say all this?"

"Yes, and he was quite right. The best people will take your part. I'll go and tell your father. I am not afraid. I shall say you are about to go away; that you will never come back; that you will go down into your tomb alive — for ever, for ever! You will see he will be compelled to give in."

"But I do assure you, Monsieur Florent, that I have made up my mind; that I wish to devote myself entirely to the service of God, and that —"

"Allons! you will do what you like afterwards," I replied very angrily. "The first thing is to get free. You are not going to choose between the Almighty and the head-keeper. That is not the way to

sacrifice yourself to Him. No, child; God would despise the choice you premeditate between Him and a being you dislike. It's a profanation. Any who would encourage you in such a course are already marked for eternal damnation. It is offending the majesty of the Lord. I have told you that before. Now please go back home; we are going to have our dinner. At four precisely I shall be at your father's house."

Louise had not a word to say. She held my hand with emotion, murmuring, in a very weak voice, "I thank you, Monsieur Florent — I knew you would not refuse."

My wife and Juliette had heard everything. When Louise had left the house my wife began, "I hope you will *not* go and deliver that message to Monsieur Jean, Florent."

"Indeed I shall," I replied, in a passion. "I mean to, and I will not let you make any improper remarks on my conduct. A dutiful wife has nothing to say — even if I had not promised I should go. Can a man of my respectability, a schoolmaster, stand by and see one of his best pupils ruin her prospects for life, all because No, no, I should blame myself for such weak-mindedness."

"You will get ill-treated, Florent, that's sure."

"He ill-treat me? Let him try," I added, doubling up my two fists.

If I had been told I should one day face so dangerous a man as Monsieur Jean, however, and in his own house, I would not have believed it. I had always been very prudent, but indignation was now too violent. I set caution at defiance and strengthened myself in my resolution all dinner-time, my wife and Juliette exchanging looks. When the cloth was removed I retired to my study, where I reflected, then went down to the schoolroom. At four I went up again to put on a clean shirt, my best coat and hat. All men are apt to judge from appearances, and I hoped I might exert some influence on the barbarian by the care I bestowed on my person.

The headkeeper was absent, supervising a public adjudication at Saarbourg, but he was expected back at Chaumes in the course of the evening, so I had no time to lose, and I left home as the half-hour struck at our church clock.

My wife and daughter had not said another word to dissuade me, but I saw Monsieur Jannequin walking up and down the lane, reading his missal, when I

passed by the presbytery. He was watching me and his bees meanwhile. When I looked up he beckoned me to approach. There was no one in the lane but ourselves, but he led me under the great trees and began expostulations on the rash step I was going to take; reminding me that Jean Rantzau would never forgive me; that he was so violent he might strangle me, or apply for my dismissal; and that the father of a family had to think of those who were nearest and dearest, and so on.

I guessed rightly that my wife had gone and asked him to endeavour to dissuade me.

"Monsieur le Curé," said I, "I should have come to you for advice before I made the promise to call on Monsieur Jean; but I have promised now."

"I am sorry to hear it. This is a serious case."

"I believe it is; but having given my word, I must keep it."

He did not reply immediately, but after a moment he added, "Well, my dear Florent, as you have made up your mind to the consequences, go; God grant it may turn out better than I expect!"

We shook hands, but I felt very vexed with my wife. Monsieur Jannequin continued reading his missal.

As I proceeded I thought how difficult it was for an upright man to fulfil his duty in the midst of so much prudence and wise advice. I thought of this as I went down the street, which was full of carts heaped up to the top with green and golden crops. The lovely evening had called all living things out to breathe the scented cool breeze which stirred the orchard trees and planted hedge-rows; everything was glowing under the setting sun. Three large waggons stood in front of Monsieur Jean's door, waiting until they could be unloaded, for all were busy. The old store-house was already full up to the gable of bright, bristling sheaves, and the men were stuffing more and more into every spare corner.

What riches in such a house! what droves of cattle in the sheds and stables! what quantities of provender in the lofts; what wine in the cellars! No wonder if many suitors come forward as candidates for the hand of an only daughter who goes in with the lot!

This latter thought presented itself to my mind in connection with Monsieur le Garde-Général.

The men at work, the reapers and servants, who were nearly all old scholars of

mine, had each something to say to me, as I went by, about their labour or the weather. "Glorious time for the harvest!" cried one. "There'll be no want next winter, Monsieur Florent," cried another; and all turned to make some sort of friendly remark, but I was so uneasy about the reception I was to have at Monsieur Jean's that I only answered, "Yes, yes, children; beautiful weather; keep to your work; courage!"

The nearer I came to the old house the more intense became my anxiety. The lower floor was closed on account of the heat, and if I had not promised I should have gone back to the schoolhouse without having shown myself. Somehow I got to the entrance, of which both doors were wide open, to make room for the numerous people going in and out to help the reapers.

The first room on the passage, to the right, was Monsieur Jean's counting-house, a place well known to his creditors, purchasers, and tenants; the books were kept here, and I could see Monsieur Jean through the half-open door. He was sitting at his walnut bureau, with his back to the door. A warm sun-ray, in which shone glittering atoms of dust, came through a crack in the shutters and it lit up his round, bald head so sparsely fringed with grey hair, his broad shoulders, and round back.

He was writing, putting down on one line of his register all his cartloads of hay, straw, wheat, barley, and oats; on another line opposite, rows of francs in hand and of francs coming in.

I looked on, scarcely daring to breathe; but when this had lasted five or six minutes, a servant happening to come in the passage, I coughed, and then walked in with my hat off.

"Monsieur Rantzau, I have the honour to —"

"Ah! that's you, is it?" said he in a gruff way, turning round in his seat, without rising, and looking at me from head to foot.

"What is this that I have been hearing about my daughter having been twice to see you?"

It was obvious he had been informed. There are tale-bearers everywhere, especially round the rich. I did not feel at all comfortable.

"Well, what does it all mean?"

"I am here on a very painful mission, Monsieur Rantzau," I replied. "Louise has begged me to tell you she intends to go back to the Molsheim convent, and

there devote herself entirely to the service of God."

Monsieur Jean's face turned livid; his eyes glared and seemed to start out of his head.

"You understand, Monsieur Rantzau," I pursued, "that when my best pupil —"

He did not allow me to finish, rose from his chair, and rushed out in the passage, calling "Louise! Louise!" Then he came back and walked up and down, as if I had not been there, with his hands behind his back, his head bent forward, his nose standing out in a larger curve than ever, and his heavy chin firmly flattened down: his large shoes creaked on the floor at each step. Suddenly he stopped to listen, for light steps were heard on the stairs, then he coughed.

I thought every particle of blood would leave my veins when I saw Louise enter. At one glance she knew why she had been called, and looked as terrified as I was myself; but her father, containing his anger, only frowned.

"I want to hear from your own lips what is in the wind. You have called on this schoolmaster to tell him something you have not told me — me, your father! Are you not ashamed to go and confide private concerns to this idiot and his two magpies, who will repeat every word they have heard? Is that the way a Rantzau behaves? Monsieur Florent has just told me, like a simpleton, that you want to go back to the convent and devote yourself to the service of the Lord. What is the meaning of that, — the Lord?"

The old sinner's features expressed deep sarcasm when he spoke of the Lord; and yet here was a man who never stopped away from mass or vespers on Sundays! I now saw through his religion. It was the religion of pride, avarice, and love of the good things of this world.

"Let me hear — speak — answer!"

Louise drew her slender figure up and replied, "I do want to go back to the convent." Then, turning to me, she continued, "I hope Monsieur Florent will forgive all the insults he is being exposed to for my sake. He has told nothing but the plain truth. I am not happy at home. I wish to serve the Lord, to go to the good sisters forever; there, at least, I shall enjoy peace and quiet."

Her voice quivered, but she was firm.

The old barbarian looked at her with his arms folded, as he would have looked at a poor weak fly he meant to crush in a minute. I, knowing I was not strong enough to defend her against him, felt

the perspiration starting out of my brow ; but he, still keeping in his fury, began, like a wary old wolf, to work on her feelings.

"So this is to be the reward of my love ! This is how my child rewards me !" He joined his two hands above his head as if in a paroxysm of grief.

"So I *had* a daughter," he went on, "a daughter for whom every mortal thing has been. I could have married a second time, but I would not bring a stepmother home to an only child, and remained a widower at the age of thirty-seven. My days and nights have been spent over making her a fortune and giving her a first rate education. I never denied her anything. She loved music and had the best masters ; she wanted to have a piano, I ordered one from Paris ; she wanted dresses, hats, everything—she had everything. Nothing was too good or dear enough for her—she should have had my last morsel of bread if she had asked me to give it her. She was my idol, my all ; and when I said 'That's Louise,' I meant, 'There's perfection.' She was my pride, my joy ; and now—this is my reward !"

Louise turned red and pale through all this, but did not utter a syllable ; her face remained impassive, and the old wretch, finding he did not succeed in moving her, stopped his moaning to ask, in a threatening tone, whether she really was serious in her resolve to go back to Molsheim.

"I am," she replied. "It is settled. I will enter on the service of God."

No sooner were these words firmly uttered than Monsieur Jean went to the window, threw the shutters open, and, taking her by the shoulders as if she weighed no more than a feather, brought her to the window.

"There is your god !" he cried, pointing to his brother's house. "He is the son of the villain who has made my blood boil for the last thirty years. Deny it. Lie—lie now as you are going to be a nun ! Ha, ha, ha !"

Monsieur Jean's face was a horrible sight. Louise, more dead than alive, did not reply.

"Is it true ?" he roared, shaking her. "Speak. So you won't ? Then it is true !"

Finding she could not be made to answer with his hands on her, he let her alone. My legs shook under me. I felt something in my throat as if I wanted to say, "Now is the time to run, child ; run

out of the room," but I couldn't get the words out.

"Yes, yes," he went on, as if grief-stricken, "I have sacrificed everything. I could have married twenty times, but I would not. In spite of that sanguinary robber I have prospered, thank God ! A worthy young man, the best scholar in the whole country, honours the whole family by soliciting the hand of my daughter. I have given you to him by promise—and every inhabitant of these mountains knows that Jean Rantzau has only one word ! It is all arranged. I shall recover the possession of all I have lost, be the father of grandchildren, and end my days in peace and joy. We shall be the first people of the commune, the first in all the arrondissement ; my daughter will be the grandest lady in the environs for ten leagues round Chaumes ; my son-in-law will live in my own house, and the villain opposite will laugh on the wrong side of his mouth when he finds Monsieur Slothful vagrant, while his drunken slothful vagrant is ready to dry up with envy ! I tell you," he added more emphatically than before, in his loudest tones, "No one shall say *no* to me when I say *yes*. Do you hear that ?" he roared, coming close to Louise again.

She was standing with her face to the light, self-possessed and determined, as defiant as all the Rantzaus.

"Do you hear ?" he repeated, with increased fury. "Dare you say *no*—dare !"

"Well then, *no*," she replied, looking him straight in the face.

An icy-cold shudder ran over me, for she had no sooner said the word than the tiger came down on her. With his broad hand he struck her down on her knees to the ground. She was crushed, but not subdued, for, lifting her head, she looked at her father with flashing eyes, and sternly replied,—

"No—never !"

"He lifted his arm to strike her again, but I held it back.

"Monsieur Rantzau," I cried, "remember she is your child !"

All his fury was now turned on me.

"Who are you to come and meddle in my family concerns ?" he thundered. In a second an iron grasp raised me from the ground, the back of my head was violently knocked against the wall, and the next thing was a heavy fall over some steps, which shattered my limbs and filled me with terror. The door was then slammed with a bang, and I thought I was done for ; however, I tried to move

and was making a strong effort to rise, when my hat flew after me out of the window and the shutters were closed again.

I looked round — all the neighbors and reapers were running away, and shrieks rang through the house. It was the hard-hearted old villain beating his daughter! My heart bled. At length I got on my feet and sat down on a step, though I had lost all my strength, and could scarcely fetch breath. Everybody had deserted the spot, none caring to be called on to say what they had seen and heard. I picked up my hat, and crawled home as well as I could, not meeting a single person on the way, but seeing faces peer out here and there from behind the house windows.

None of my bones were broken, fortunately, though I looked so very pale. When I reached our door I inwardly thanked the Almighty for my preservation, and walked in, without giving any account of myself to my wife or Juliette.

Neither were slow in perceiving that something very extraordinary had happened to me nevertheless; in the first place, there was the evidence: I was white all down my left side, having fallen in the dust, and my hat was knocked in. It was quite enough to alarm them without the change on my face.

"What, in the name of heaven, has happened, Florent?" asked my wife.

"Nothing," said I; "Monsieur Jean pushed me out of the counting-house and I fell."

"I told you it would be so," said my wife, sobbing; and Juliette began to cry. "I told you how it would end, and you did not believe me!"

The neighbours soon came in to make inquiries, the report having already spread that I was going to be dismissed for having insulted Monsieur Jean. My wife's sighs, tears, and sobs increased, but I enjoyed a calm conscience, feeling I had only done what was right. When I found that Marie-Barbe and Juliette were in such distress, I told them there was justice here below, that all Monsieur Jean's spite and all the head-keeper's power could not deprive me of my situation, because I should have a hearing before I was sent away, and Monsieur Jacques was sure to stand up for me. This comforted them a little, but there was no thought of sleep or supper that night.

Towards nine, in the dead silence of night, we heard the head-keeper returning on horseback from Saarbours. He

was sure to hear the story of what had occurred before he went to bed, and would awake with the same feelings as his future father-in-law.

George came back from a timber sale he had attended later still.

I was just telling my wife, in a low voice, what Monsieur Jean and Louise had said about him, when his *char-à-bancs* rattled by our house, and I exclaimed, on hearing it, "Marie-Barbe, there he is! If he could but know that Louise loves him!"

"Hold your tongue," she cried. "We shall be ruined if any one hears you say that."

I did not discover until it was time to rise next day that, though none of my bones were broken, they were all very sore. I thought I should be compelled to keep my bed, but I dressed, with my wife's assistance, and managed to get into my armchair.

It is a great trial to have nothing to live on but one's profession when old age comes on, and there is nothing to fall back on!

The events I have related took place years ago, but when I think over them they still move me. I did not deserve such a terrible humiliation: Monsieur Jean would not have dared treat a man capable of defending himself in such a manner. A rich man would have sued him; but, alas! the justice of a poor and weak man's cause is not sufficiently supported in this world.

CHAPTER XVI.

I HAD not been seated more than a quarter of an hour, thinking of the miseries of every-day life, when I saw George in the distance from our gable window that looks out on the high street. He had his old straw hat and blouse on, held his stout alpenstock, and came our way in deep thought.

The villagers, who at that early hour were sweeping the stables and letting their barn-fowl out, stopped to look at him as he went along, but he paid no attention to any one.

My wife was making the coffee, but no sooner caught a glimpse of George than she came running up.

"Now, Florent, here's George. I dare say he will want to find out what has happened — be cautious; do not repeat the words you said yestaday — take care; if Monsieur Jean knew!"

"Attend to your coffee, Marie-Barbe," said I, turning round. "After all these

bruises I have a right to say a little of my own mind."

I was quite vexed with her; and as soon as Juliette had done sweeping the room she went with her mother into the kitchen.

Just then George walked up-stairs.

"Good-day, Monsieur Florent," said he. "I am going to the saw-mills, and thought I would like to see you as I went by."

"Sit down, George—take a chair; I cannot move."

"I hear uncle Jean has ill-treated you, and I have come to know all about it. He is a big coward; he would not lay his hand on *me*, but turns on the defenceless; beats his own child! In this manner he is sure to come to no harm! Old villain! I hope the day is not far off when he will cease to have the upper-hand."

I shared George's views entirely.

"You would never guess what is going on now, Monsieur Florent. Uncle Jean's house is in a pretty state. He came down into his stable early this morning and saddled a horse himself, called old Dominique, and ordered him to ride as fast as he could to Saarbourg and fetch Monsieur Bourgard, the doctor. The man had to gallop off as he was, without any waistcoat on. Louise, it seems, is very ill indeed—the brute nearly killed her yesterday."

"George," said I, "you can pride yourself on having one of the most barbarous uncles."

"Don't mention him," said George, with his teeth set; "if you do, I shall go back and give him a thrashing; that is why I have left the house. I could not endure the temptation. I had rather walk about."

"Quite right, George; and then she is his daughter after all. No single person but your father, accompanied by a *gendarme*, has a right to set his foot in that house. We unfortunately must keep away. It is very terrible."

"He is an old savage!" said George, suddenly standing still. "One thing there is, however, Monsieur Florent, that I should much like to know. I cannot understand why he struck his daughter. He must have had some serious provocation."

"Oh! she told him she meant to take the veil and become a nun."

"A nun? Louise a nun?"

"Yes; she said she wanted to go back to Molsheim and give herself up to God,

feeling very miserable in her father's house. She asked me, her old master, to break the news to him—you understand, George, that it was quite proper in her to come and ask me?"

"And is that why he struck her?"

"That is not the exact reason," I replied with some hesitation.

My wife had heard the preceding conversation, and now came in from the kitchen, making her usual signs, but instead of noticing them, as I so often had done, I flew in a passion, for a man does not like to be led by his wife like a child.

"You want to know the whole truth, George? Well, he struck Louise because she loves you! It happened in this way. Your uncle pushed the shutters of his counting-house wide open, and, pointing to your father's house, said that the son of the rascal opposite was the god she loved."

"Did he say that? Did you hear him, Monsieur Florent?"

"I could not help hearing him, he shouted loud enough for the whole village to hear."

"What did Louise answer?"

"Nothing. He shook her, saying, 'Deny it; lie, lie, if you dare!'"

"And did she not answer him?"

"No, George. She would not tell an untruth."

I gave my wife a look that meant, "There, that will teach you to leave off fussing with your signs and warnings."

George had turned red looking first at me and then at my wife.

"Well, yes, Monsieur Florent, we do love each other. I have loved her for a long time. I always loved her, even when I fancied I hated her, because I had been told I did. Whenever I have uttered a word against her I have always been vexed with those who backed what I said. I hid it all here," he said, placing his hand on his bosom; "but since the day of the waggon-load—you remember that day, Monsieur Florent?—it has been too much for me."

His eyes were full of tears; he caught my hand and looked as if he could have thrown his arms around my neck.

"I have been very unhappy," he went on. "How I have hated myself for caring for uncle Jean's daughter! How I have cursed and upbraided myself for this weakness! How I have roamed about in the woods, saying, 'The child of the old villain who robbed your own father! the daughter of the man who is planning your ruin!' I turned hard and

cruel; for there was something like torture at my heart—I could not bear it. I saw her everywhere—behind the hedges, in the village, in the corn-fields, at the window. At last I discovered she sought me too. Without precisely trying to meet, we were always in the same places, neither exchanging looks or words, but we loved one another. And,” he added, in a loud voice, “we love each other now; I will have her!”

George said the latter words in a fierce, determined manner; he reminded me of those birds of prey which spread their pinions out betimes and sound a war-cry.

“Don’t speak so loud, George; everybody will hear you in the village. And then you say, ‘I will have her, I will have her!’—you don’t seem to think of the head-keeper.”

“The head-keeper?” he cried, with contempt; “poor devil! He may come now. Ah, ah, ah!”

“And your uncle Jean?”

“Uncle Jean has lowered himself by striking his daughter, he has shown her he meant to sacrifice her happiness to his revenge. She loves me more than she can ever love him—you know she loves me, Monsieur Florent, you said so yourself!”

“No doubt, no doubt; but your father! Unfortunate young man, you have everything against you!”

“Please listen one moment, Monsieur Florent, and you will see whether it is really right this should be so. As an upright man you will decide. Because these two old men have hated each other for thirty long years, on account of an old lumbering house; because they have sworn each other’s ruin, and cannot look at each other in the face without a shudder—is that a reason why we should do likewise? Are we to go on in this way for ever? one branch of the same family trying to ruin the other, crying each other down, turning the blood of our veins into gall, and finally annihilating one another? Is that proper? Is this your desire, Monsieur Florent?”

“No, George, certainly not, very much the reverse; but —”

“There is common sense to go by: Louise loves me, I love her; we will marry and make up the feud. The others may do as they like, it is their own look-out. Good-bye, Monsieur Florent!” saying this, George left the room.

“George!” I called. He came back.

“Where are you going? what are you going to do?”

“I am going to tell my father this minute.”

“Do not mention me.”

“No, no; it is my own business.” Though I was in great pain, I looked after him as he slowly and thoughtfully walked down the street; he held his alpenstock firmly, and with a bold step entered his father’s house.

I resumed my seat until school-time uneasily, wondering what was going on; whether the storm had burst between father and son. Both were equally rash, both tenacious and obdurate. At times, I thought that the father, being old and weakened by suffering, would give in; at others, that he would not, but was more likely to turn his son out of doors.

These two opposite possibilities divided my thoughts until seven, when it was time to go down to the school-room. I looked out of the window before doing so, and found everything perfectly calm, the house-doors were all closed.

I had to sit still at my desk all the morning, and observed with gratification that none of the scholars seemed to glory over what had occurred. Their parents had, therefore, all blamed Monsieur Jean and had taken my part. From time to time they stole a glance at me over their books, but no sooner met my gaze than they looked down again, as if they were afraid of humbling me. Other school-masters would perhaps have been laughed at under the circumstances, for children know how to turn every little mortification undergone by unjust superiors to good account, but this was not my case at all.

• Every thing went off in proper order, and when school was over I had but to take one look out of the window to see that the whole village was in extraordinary excitement. It was Nanette Bouvet, our neighbour’s grandmother, screaming out as loud as she could.

“Poor lamb! she would rather be buried alive in a convent than marry her caroty suitor—and her father has beaten her! Ah! old bald-head, if there was anything like justice here below, you would have danced long ago at the end of a tough rope; but men have no hearts. If they do but make money they care not a snap for anything else. Was there ever such a crow as that Monsieur Lebel? A pretty turn up for Mademoiselle Louise, indeed! Yes, indeed, she would just suit him! Ever since he has been here there is no end to people being sued.

He's the man who should have come in for all the blows and kicks that poor Monsieur Florent knows of but don't talk about — poor harmless old man who wouldn't kill a flea!"

Her voice was shrill and could be heard from one end of the village to the other, but there was no stopping her, and she stood with fists doubled, shaking them at Monsieur Jean's house.

"Hold your peace, grandmother," said Jean Bouveret, the carpenter; "if the gentlemen hear you, we shall get into trouble."

"And what do I care for the gentlemen?" she asked, in a higher key; "they won't stop me from winding and spinning my flax, nor prevent me from leading the goats out, I can tell you! What harm can they do me? Do they give me any work? Do I owe them any money? All I say may be carried back, it will do them some good to hear the truth. I say it is a disgrace, a shame, to compel any girl to marry a man she don't like! I will say it to Jean Rantzaus's face if he comes my way. Nanette Bouveret won't put herself out for him!"

She went on for a long time in the same strains, and the other women, encouraged by this old Jacobin's example, joined in the chorus. They were soon in open revolt all over Chaumes; it was worse than the year 1830, and it was the first time in my life I saw women hold together against men. Marie-Barbe picked up courage as well as the others when she saw every one was on our side.

"Now is the time, Florent," said she, "when it pleaseth the Almighty to lay His hand on the hard-hearted miser. The whole place is rising. I would like to see him sue us, with his Monsieur Lebel, now! I wish he would try to get us out of our situation! the whole mountain would come down to defend our cause."

She had been in such mute terror before that the reaction was all the more intense. I had to reason calmly with her, and explain that it was not possible for Monsieur Jean to get me out of my situation, the mayors being supreme, and everything depending on Monsieur Jacques' good-will.

"It's all as it should be, Florent, I daresay; but Monsieur Jean threw you down-stairs, for all that, and I would just like to see him in the prisoners' van going to public execution."

Women have no moderation. The best way is to leave reasoning with them

alone, for their last arguments are worse than their first, and then there is no end to it. I bore with Marie-Barbe patiently, letting her go on with abuse of Monsieur Jean and predictions of his future downfall — things which did him no harm.

She was not the only infuriated wife at Chaumes; they were all out of sorts, and this state of feeling was kept up until bedtime. Even in the schoolroom I was disturbed by their comments out of doors, and could hear their violent language while I gave my lessons. Some of the women proposed breaking old Jean Rantzaus's door open and rushing in to deliver his daughter.

Monsieur Jean was probably informed of everything that was going on, for more than one tale-bearer carried every report backwards and forwards; but the overbearing man showed on this day that he was not of the sort that can be frightened into giving up his will.

Monsieur Jacques' servant came at five, just as I was shutting up school, to say her master wished to speak to me. I left home immediately, some of the neighbours offering me their arm; but I preferred getting on alone, and thanked them for their consideration.

Monsieur Jean Rantzaus's house was silent, that of Monsieur Jacques no less so. I entered the first room to the right of the passage, in which I had often drawn up papers before. Monsieur le Maire was sitting cross-legged at his black writing-table. He looked completely dejected and worn out with trouble, ten years older at the least.

"Ah! here you are, Florent," said he; and, passing me a stamped paper, he added, "look at this."

It was a document from Monsieur Jean, notifying unto the mayor that he was to post up at the Mairie the banns of marriage between Paul Lucien Lebel and Louise Amélie Rantzaus, only daughter of Jean Rantzaus, landowner at Chaumes, which ceremony, it was to be announced, should take place in the course of the week following the three days' legal publication of the said banns.

I shook all over as I laid the paper down again. It seemed as impossible as it was abominable; meanwhile Monsieur Jacques' yellow-grey eyes were fixed on me, for I stood speechless.

"What do you say to this?" he asked.

"It is terrible."

"Indeed it is terrible," he repeated.

"My brother has only made up this match to ruin me: he is sacrificing his

daughter to his hatred. Lebel, is the man for him; he accepts all the conditions laid before him, promises everything, all the pursuits required, &c., &c. He must be a miserable wretch to conclude such a bargain; but what wouldn't people do to become rich? It is sad—very sad indeed!”

I had nothing to answer.

“You may sit down and write it out, Florent. I will stick the bill up at the Mairie to-day. Everybody will read it.”

I took a seat, and with swimming eyes wrote out the notice in my largest handwriting, ending with the date and the rest.

Monsieur le Maire relapsed into deep thought; his snuff-box and handkerchief were by his side, but he looked vacantly out of the window. When I had done he threw some snuff over the ink to dry it, and, after having read it, returned it to me, saying,—

“Yes, Florent, that's it. It's all right. Put the stamp of the Mairie on it.”

When I had done so he signed and returned the paper.

“It is painful to have to help in so shameful a transaction, is it not, Florent?—a transaction that is to cause my own ruin. But this is nothing compared to what I have to tell you; no, nothing. This plan of brother Jean's, after all, would only have compelled me to give up the timber trade; I am rich enough without it. I should have let my saw-mills, and we could have done something else; but a thing you will never credit, that you will never believe, and a thing I wouldn't tell any man but you, Florent—you, a most reliable and straightforward man—is that my son George loves the daughter of that ruffian!”

His voice had risen, as he spoke with increased animation, and echoed in the empty room. I, feigning great surprise, replied,—

“What, Monsieur le Maire? Is this possible?”

“Yes!” he exclaimed; “possible and true. George told me this very morning, himself.”

I looked away, for his face was contracted, his jaw-bones set, and his large nose touched his chin.

“That is what is reserved unto me in my old age! My own son desirous to marry the child of that hypocrite, the daughter of the sneak who did me out of my father's house when our aged parent had turned infirm, deaf, and sanctified; yes, the child of the intolerable wheedler

who always had approval on his lips—‘Yes, papa!’—‘Quite right, papa!’—‘Very true, papa!’—and who entered into all the old man's devout fancies, saying, ‘Amen, papa! Amen, amen.’ Oh, the wretch! He knew what all these ‘amens, papa’ would bring in some day, while I, mille tonnerres! couldn't do it. No,” added the mayor, bringing his fist down on the table, “I never could keep up ‘Yes, papa,’ ‘God bless you, papa,’ from morning to night. It would have killed me. However, it served him, and I only came in for odds and ends—for what I had a legal right to; had it not been for law, the shrewd cheat, who was always talking about his birthright, would have stripped me of my last shirt.”

Although Monsieur Jacques' face was very horrible to look at, I felt he was not entirely wrong, and in some measure I could understand his passion and irritation.

“I can tell you all these things, Florent, though I have never told any one but George. I consider you as a friend, more than a friend. Now you know how Jean robbed me.”

I was deeply concerned for the mayor, but had nothing to say. When the first outburst of his anger had subsided he was silent, but after having taken a pinch of snuff in nervous rage, he continued,—

“Yes; and after all I have endured, my own son falls in love with this brigand's daughter! Did you ever hear of such a misfortune? He has loved her for some time, Florent. I once suspected it, and tried to get him away from Chaumes; but he would not leave—and now he means to marry her!”

“After all, Monsieur le Maire,” I ventured to say, seeing his fit of fury was coming on again, “Louise is a very good and charming girl.”

“Who denies it? I don't say anything to the contrary,” cried the unfortunate man, pulling his hair with his two hands; “but she is Jean's daughter!”

There was nothing to reply to this, and besides, if I had replied, I should have had nothing but empty words to say, and what are words when grief is so bitter?

The mayor was again silent for a little while, then added, in a husky voice, “I told George, when he confided all this to me this morning, that he might have till to-night to change his mind or leave this place—twelve hours in which to decide whether he will give her up or cease to

be my son! I shall be alone, always alone, if he chooses the latter course."

The way in which he said this almost drew tears from my eyes.

"The same thing will happen to me that happened to grandfather, who died childless after having brought up a family of twelve. I have only one, and shall lose all the same day. Now I wonder how I have deserved all this?"

George passed by the window at the same moment.

"There he is," said Monsieur Jacques, but he kept his eyes downcast.

The house-door was opened, then that of the room we were sitting in.

It was George. He walked straight up to the writing-desk.

"Well?" asked his father, with a hollow, hoarse voice.

"Well," replied George, "I have reflected, and things will remain as I have said. I cannot change."

"Then you mean to leave?"

"No."

"You intend to live in my house in spite of me?"

"I did not say that," answered George firmly. "You are master here; you have but to order me to leave and I will obey, but I shall stop at Chaumes. I shall live at the inn, only that will create scandal."

The old man shuddered.

George's neck, ears, and face were crimson, but he mastered himself and kept calm. The mayor remained seated in his armchair, thinking very deeply, while I, who felt sorry for him at the bottom of my heart, sympathized with him very sincerely.

"Ah, what a blow! Speak to him, Florent—tell him I cannot go and ask Jean to bestow her hand on him."

"Neither do I expect you to do anything of the kind, father," replied George. "I only told you I love Louise and that Louise loves me. We have both battled against it, and it is out of the question. You will act as you like, and Uncle Jean will do as he likes; but if Louise is forced into marrying any one else, I say, by the faith of a Rantzau, a great misfortune will happen. Now, father, do you wish me to leave your house?"

"No. It would gratify Jean. Remain; but we shall live together as strangers."

"Very well, father," replied George.

He was going to leave the room when his mother, poor woman, who for so many years had never come out of her kitchen, and who, on grand fête-days always stood in attendance behind her

husband's chair, now rushed in, holding her apron up to her eyes, and uttered, with a piercing shriek, "Rantzau!"

She could say no more. The old man, without turning to look at her, sternly pointed to the door, and she retired. George followed her out of the room.

For some seconds the mayor did not move; he sat somewhat bent forward, looking down at his boots, the image of grief. We remained perfectly silent until he rose, went to the cupboard and took from a small basket the key of the wire grating behind which announcements were hung up at the Mairie.

"Come along, Florent," he said; and we both went to the Mairie, where we posted the bill. When this was done he locked the grating, wished me good-night, and we both went to our respective homes.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

It is very doubtful, notwithstanding all our modern contrivances for the "annihilation of time and space," whether lovers are "made happy," or, in other words, succeed in getting married, more easily than in the age before railroads. Our habit of centralization brings all our youth to the metropolis, or to the great centres of industry, and leaves large tracts of country quite denuded of eligible young men. Again, if a young woman comes to our great towns to seek employment, she is altogether isolated as respects society.

Hermit never was half so lone
As he who hath fellows, but friends not one,

is especially true of the young governess who lives in the drawing-room on sufferance, and to whom it is next to impossible (and very perilous in the search) to find a partner for life. The following sentence, moreover, may be accepted as having at least some truth in it: "Civilization, combined with the cold formalities of society, and the rules of etiquette, imposes such restriction on the sexes, that there are thousands of marriageable men and women of all ages, capable of making each other happy, who have never a chance of meeting either in town or country." These last words are culled from a newspaper entitled the *Matrimonial News*, which has been started as an "organ through which ladies and gentle-

men aspiring to marriage can be honourably brought into communication," and which has now been in existence more than two years. It contains nothing but advertisements from "persons about to marry," *if they can*, and of these the specimen before us numbers no less than three hundred and fifty! On the first blush of the thing (and no doubt some *would* even blush at it), the whole publication would appear to be a joke; but a joke must be a very good one indeed to last two years, and to bring in its originator twenty pounds a week during that period—which is the very least that he must make by it by advertisements independent of the sale of the paper; but, in point of fact, the *Matrimonial News* is evidently no joke at all, but as serious as any organ of mines or railways.

In its first beginnings, we have no doubt, indeed, that it was made the vehicle of practical jests, but such fun must have worn out by this time, and must have been always expensive; while, on looking through the present long list of aspirers to the state of wedded life, there appears to be one only who is not in *bona-fide* earnest, notwithstanding that many express themselves absurdly, and some are too evidently representing their affairs as being much more prosperous than they really are. The aspirants are indicated by a number only, but are bound to send their real names and addresses (with *carte* also, if they please to venture on that experiment) to the editor, as a guarantee of honourable intentions and good faith; and all introductions are given on the understanding that the lady and gentleman shall each pay a fee to the said editor *within a month of their marriage*. This limit seems liberal enough, since it takes the happy pair to the very verge of the honeymoon, after which but too many of us repent our partnership, even though it has not been brought about per advertisement in a newspaper. Moreover, the editor may be consulted personally—we suppose by reason of his great experience in bringing young people together—upon this important step in life, for the very reasonable sum of five shillings. He will answer questions and give advice "on any point relating to courtship or marriage, or any other difficult subject," by post, in return for a dozen postage-stamps. One would have imagined that these very economical terms would have especially found acceptance among the humbler classes, but this is by no means

the case. Among the whole three hundred and fifty advertisements, there is only one which purports to be from a person in domestic service:

6872 **A** Respectable servant-girl, aged 27, nice appearance, very respectable family, and who has saved up about L.100, would like to correspond with a steady respectable man about 35, with a view to marriage. Address and *carte* with Editor.

Even this individual, it will be remarked, is a sort of capitalist; while as to the others, "gentleman-farmer" is the very lowest in the social scale who advertises as being in want of a helpmate. Nay, there is even one British nobleman, but that is the personage to whose *bona fides* we took exception:

7053 **A** N English nobleman, between 50 and 60 years of age, with fine landed estates, wishes to marry, and desires to enter into correspondence with a lady of position with a view to marriage. Ladies replying to this advertisement may depend on strict honour. Address with Editor.

We don't believe that any "English nobleman between 50 and 60," no, nor between 150 and 160, would find such a difficulty in securing for his bride "a lady of position" that he must needs apply to the editor of the *Matrimonial News*. But there are many more almost as eligible and glittering offers. A gentleman of landed estate, aged forty, living in one of the choicest counties in England, and with an income of "about L.8000 a year," wants another "lady of position;" and there are other country gentlemen, with incomes from L.3000 to L.1000 a year, who, it appears, cannot get into society, or, having got there, feel too old or too shy to ask young persons of the opposite sex to share their very considerable property, even though, in some cases, they be "assured of a handsome jointure," in the event of their husband's death. As might be expected—when we have got over the surprise of anybody advertising for a wife at all—officers about to embark for India are very numerous on the lists of our editor. They find a difficulty in persuading young ladies to take the voyage and dwell in the East with them among tigers and "natives." One "officer in the India staff" has L.600 a year, "which before long will be L.750," and is ready to marry at once, and take his bride with him; another writes from Bombay, and promises to wed any suitable bride whom the editor will consign to him, "immediately

on her arrival." The clergymen also, strange to say, are very numerous; not only curates, as one would imagine, but rectors, "with good living and ample means." These, however, are not so plentiful as the unbeneficed.

7038 **A** Clergyman, aged 53, a bachelor, tall, dark, and well connected, with an income from property and profession of about £200 a year, and the prospect of preferment, wishes to hear from a lady of suitable age, with a view to marriage.

It is probable by "suitable age" that this divine does not mean a lady of his own age; for, as a rule, it seems youth has the preference with "the cloth," as it has with other professions. "A young lady of good family under 30" is what is wanted by more than one pastor; though some, indeed, add, "calculated for a clergyman's wife." Nor is it only the Church of England who make use of this remarkable channel for supplying themselves with a partner.

6737 **A** Presbyterian clergyman of the Scotch Church wishes to get married on or before the 1st of May, 1873, if possible; he is 40 years of age, is active, energetic, and healthy, holds a large farm, and is fond of riding or driving a good horse; his income is £120 per annum; he wishes to get married to a sensible, intelligent, kind-hearted, good-looking lady, not more than 25 or 30 years of age, with a fortune of £500 or £1000, or having £50 per annum. He is reckoned good-looking, is 5 feet 10 to 12 inches in height, and his female friends all say that if he got married, he will make one of the kindest and best of husbands.

This divine has evidently the "gude conceit of himself" sometimes attributed to his fellow-countrymen; but it is remarkable that none of his admiring "female friends" should have married him themselves. Why, in the name of Hymen, should he be so particularly desirous to wed before the 1st of May! If his calling was not a sacred one, we should almost suspect him of having made a bet about it, and of taking this desperate means of winning the money. This is the first gentleman, it will be observed, who has given any detailed account of his personal appearance—on which the ladies, as will presently be seen, place their chief reliance—nor (though "fond of driving") does even he offer to send his carte. No. 6896, however, condescends so far to particulars as even to mention his weight:

6896 **A** Surgeon, in practice, is desirous of meeting with a suitable partner. He is fair, 47 years of age, a bachelor, fond of

domestic and farming pursuits, good tempered, and likes children. Height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 8 stone, would like an educated (fairly), domesticated, kind wife, good manager, Protestant, with some property. Would like to hear from Nos. 6731, 6732, 6693, 6685, 6692, 6686, 6682, 6679, 6593, 6649, 6651, 6725, 6592, 6553, 6507, 6436. Address with Editor.

"Protestant, with some property," is a very pretty touch. Female advertisers, we conclude, are incapable of jealousy. There is probably a "safety in numbers," which would certainly not exist in the case of names; else what must be the feelings of 6731 (for instance) on perceiving that this medical suitor "would like to hear" from no less than fifteen young ladies beside herself! Of course, love at first sight is out of the question between anonymous advertisers; but surely the gilt must be very much rubbed off the romance of courtship when it has to be carried on under these impersonal circumstances. On the other hand, this practical and common-sense method of disposing of matters of the heart seems to have its own attractions, and especially to our Scotch friends:

6883 **A** Merchant in Lanarkshire (bachelor), aged 38, fair complexion, 6 feet, plain and simple in tastes and habits, of a religious cast of mind, though by no means ascetic, income from £500 to £600, wishes to correspond with an English county lady over 23, one with similar means preferred; must be warm hearted and a loving disposition, have head as well as hands in domestic affairs, and above all "piety" is indispensably requisite. Editor has carte and address.

We have calculated the expense of this advertisement with accuracy, and have come to the conclusion that the allusion to "piety being indispensably requisite" is perfectly genuine, for it must have cost an extra shilling.

Interesting as these offers are, proceeding, as they do, from every rank of society, and each having about it some distinctive and characteristic sign, we will content ourselves with quoting one more gentleman suitor, before proceeding "to join the ladies," who, as may be expected, are far more eloquent and gushing, and have, therefore, been reserved by us as a *bonne bouche*.

6738 **A** Widower, 45, has two nice boys and one girl, aged 13, 15, and 17, well educated, still at school, and amply provided for, independent of their father, who has, by his own industry, made a nice little independence, and is still doing trade in the drapery. Middle size, considered good-looking, and a

business man, would be glad to meet, with a view to marriage, a sensible, kind, affectionate, educated lady similarly situated as regards business or money something like equal to it. Age not so much an object if under forty.

We wonder whether the "two nice boys," and especially the one girl (who does not appear to be so "nice"), are aware that their widowed father is adopting the advertisement system, so useful in "the drapery line," as a means for once more reassuring the Matrimonial noose! We take leave of him and them with our best wishes; likewise of the "tradesman, rather dark and tall, and with very warm affections," who wishes for "an agreeable young lady—one with a little money preferable—who is, like himself, confiding, and with a strong desire to exchange hearts;" and soar to more elevated regions. *Place aux dames*, and let the *pas* be given, as is meet, to the only one who begins with a poetic quotation:

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain or sickness rend the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

6543 **A** Young widow, highly connected, dark hair and eyes, considered pretty, good figure, clever, and amusing, possessing a small income, desires to marry. She does not deny that she might at times realize the two first lines of the couplet quoted above, but she can assure any gentleman willing to make the experiment that she is as certain to be true to the conclusion.

This is rather a lively portrait of herself for a widow, the ladies who have been already married drawing for the most part, a staid and matronly picture of their attractions. It is quite exceptional when they describe themselves, as No 6838 does, "of a jolly disposition"—that adjective being so favourite a one with the young ladies, as almost to suggest its being copyright. Widows have in general "private property," "agreeable manners," "education and accomplishments," and sometimes "high connections;" but they lay claim to no more glowing charms than are included in the term "fine-looking." They put forth the negative advantage of "no encumbrance" very prominently, just as the widowers we observe describe themselves as "not fat." They "feel lonely," and possess "warm and sympathetic dispositions." Their ambition is satisfied with a mate of "suitable age," and in many cases they mention that "a widower would not be objected to." Some of them would be happy to receive "two or three *cartes de visite* in exchange

for their own," in order that a selection may be made. They are "capital house-keepers," but, curiously enough, never apply to themselves the term "domesticated," which is in very common use with their less experienced sisters.

7022 **K**ATE, an orphan, age 24, height 5 feet, very domesticated, and of business-like habits, would make a very loving and affectionate wife, would like to hear from 6758, 6808, 25th Jan. Carte and address with Editor.

"Lena" would be glad to hear from no less than twelve advertisers. "True Affection" offers herself to any gentleman of respectability who will know how to value "a young and pretty wife." Only one out of these charmers confesses to being "not pretty," and she is careful to add, "but considered very ladylike, and with fascinating manners." Most of them have "warm and loving hearts," but "inconsiderable fortunes." On the other hand, we have "the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, from whom she will receive a good fortune" (even if she marries by advertisement?); and "a lady with L.200 a year in her own right;" and another who will have "L.2000 at marriage, and L.7000 more to come." It certainly seems most extraordinary that these eligible young persons should take to advertising in the *M. N.* for fear of "withering on the virgin thorn." It is nevertheless noteworthy, and adds to the air of genuineness in this matter, that almost all these unmarried female advertisers, with money, are "about thirty years of age." When they confess to being "about forty" they have never less than L.7000, and generally "look much younger." In these cases, they don't send their *cartes*; perhaps because they keep their carriages.

Besides the ordinary columns of this delightful print, there is a special space set apart in it, for which five times the rate of advertisement is charged, for those who give their private addresses, and who are addressed "under cover to the editor." Their tender effusions do not come under his practical and uncongenial eye, but appeal directly to the beloved—number. This class includes some very high and dignified personages of both sexes, to whom "money is not essential," although they are good enough to add, "not, of course, a disqualification." One of these advertises herself as "an orphan lady aged forty," and is the only advertiser throughout the paper who professes to prefer "a widower with children."

Altogether, this weekly periodical, "devoted to conjugal felicity," seems to us to be a very remarkable production indeed. We were not aware of the part it played in our social system, till we saw it stated in one of those American newspapers which know so very much more about us than we know about ourselves, that "in England the habit of contracting marriage by advertisement is growing more and more, so that besides numberless notices to that effect in the ordinary prints, a special periodical is published, which has no other object than that of bringing man and wife to the altar." The apothegm that half the world does not know how the other half lives, may certainly be extended to marriage, since to the majority of our readers, the very existence of the *Matrimonial News* will probably be news indeed.

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From Chambers' Journal.
THE CREEDS OF LONDON.

It has been said by the poet,

There lives more Faith in honest Doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds;

and the remark has given no little offence to those who plume themselves upon their orthodoxy; but when the matter comes to be investigated, this statement turns out to be, after all, a very modest one. There has been an attempt of late to inquire into, not "half the creeds," indeed, but at all events into some forty or fifty of them,* as represented by their pastors and congregations in London; and it certainly seems hard, after reading the evidence of the Special Commissioner appointed for this purpose, that "honest Doubt" should be denied his share of what is spread so broadcast over such widely different soil. Imagine the variation of arable between "the field of usefulness" in which Mr. Bradlaugh "dispenses his novel doctrines of Anti-theism" and that in which Mr. Peebles "discourses of the spirit-world to the accompaniment of approving raps presumably from Hades!" Yet no less is the acreage of unorthodoxy surveyed by the Rev. Maurice Davies, doctor of divinity, and reported upon in the pages before us. Being that "not singular anomaly in the Church of England, a

clergyman for a time uncharged with duty," this divine has been attending the ministrations of all sorts of religious teachers and preachers, and taking notes of them for publication in the *Daily Telegraph*—already reputed to keep a bishop of its very own. His instructions were to be "strictly descriptive, expressing no argument, *pro* or *con*;" and the result has been, for him, "the softening down of a good many prejudices in the course of my two or three years' religious peregrinations," and for us, this amazing volume.

He begins his mission with what he calls the *Ultima Thule* of religious London—"probably as near the reputed North Pole as possible"—namely, at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, over which presides, perhaps, the best advertised preacher in the metropolis, Mr. Moncure D. Conway. We confess to having seen this gentleman's name a thousand times, without having the least idea as to the religion he professed, or even the name of the sect over which he presided. There were so many "lights," and "vessels of grace," and "powerful convincers" advertised for the ensuing day in the Saturday newspapers, that it seemed as if curiosity would never be satisfied if it once set in that direction; and but for Dr. Maurice Davies, it is probable that we should never have become acquainted with "almost the only—certainly the chief—Free Theistic Society in London." However, in his company, we have now formed one of the congregation. Mr. Moncure Conway presides in the chapel once occupied by the late W. J. Fox (M.P. for Oldham), whose mantle of eloquence seems to have certainly fallen upon him. He is "a bearded and by no means clerical-looking gentleman," with an American accent; but—wonderful to relate—he reads from manuscript, does not preach what a certain Mrs. Malaprop by design, once termed extrumpery. Of "service," properly so called, there is none—nothing but preaching and singing. The hymn-book is a very catholic one, ranging in its contents from the most secular of poets to Keble; but it is orthodox and restricted when compared with what the Church of England would call "the lessons of the day," which consisted, first, of the forty-fourth chapter of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus; secondly, of an excerpt from one of Mazzini's orations; and thirdly, of a poem by Mr. Allingham, called *The Touchstone*. Then the minister expatiated "upon the

* *Unorthodox London*. By the Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D.D.

church built by Voltaire," and the spirit of scepticism, a word which he took pains to explain (for Mr. Conway is nothing if he is not scholarly) is derived from *skeptēin*, "to shade the eye in order to see more clearly."

Upon the whole, Mr. Conway seems to be an iconolast, rather than a setter-up of any new idol (though of course he can't help enthusiastic hearers making an idol of him); and it is not surprising, having so little of dogma to inculcate, that he cannot speak in very glowing terms of the numerical strength of the Free Theistic Society. "Two hundred people, already convinced," says he, "spend here one hour and a half every week: for the rest of the time this property does nothing at all;" a phrase which, to the irreverent mind, might suggest that the chapel was to let on week-days. However, since this "commission" was instituted, his little congregation has doubled in numbers, and it is only fair to add that they form an attentive audience. "As an evidence how keenly the speaker was followed, it was quite curious to notice, in contrast with the profound silence that reigned while he spoke, the *entr'acte* of coughs, sniffs, and other incidental fidgets in which his auditory engaged when he came to a temporary stop;" so much so, adds our Church of England divine, with perhaps an unconscious touch of satire, "that many listeners were tempted to rise, thinking the proceedings were over."

Our commissioner is too apt, perhaps by reason of his own vocation, to give us details of the preacher, when the main interest really lies in the congregation; in all cases the class of society that forms each body of worshippers ought to have been described, as being of far more significance than the sermon; but in the present case it is obvious enough that the audience must have been in intelligence, and probably in social rank, far above the average. To many persons "the hearing some of our favourite dogmas torn to shreds," must have been very unpleasant, but the Rev. Maurice Davies, D.D. bore it like a man, and a special correspondent; so little hurt, indeed, was his moral nature by the shocks administered in Finsbury, that he seems to have adventured a visit the same afternoon to the "Society of Independent Religious Reformers in Newman Street," presided over by Dr. Parfitt. Here, however, though he says little about it, his feelings evidently suffered laceration. Dr.

P. "shews considerable grasp of his subject, but his style is somewhat vituperative." The fact is, our author was at present new to his work, and not able to bear the very strong meat to which he afterward got accustomed. Even of the Sunday Lecture Society in St. George's Hall, he deems it necessary to say something apologetic, and quotes the names of Dr. Carpenter, Professor Huxley, Professor Blackie, and Erasmus Wilson, as being sufficient guarantees of the "propriety" of devoting some portion of Sunday to Science instead of religion specially so called; for the people who go to listen to these eminent personages, he has nothing but compliments. "The audience was a very large and intelligent one, comprising many eminent scientific men, quite a fair quota of ladies, a sprinkling of the rising generation, and altogether a collection of heads that would have delighted a phrenologist. . . . Whatever else we may be called, the English people must no longer be set down as a race of unmitigated Sabbatarians."

Properly so termed, indeed, there are but sixteen persons in the metropolis who are Sabbatarians, that being the exact number of the Seventh-day Baptists (including their parson and clerk) who enjoin the observance of the Jewish Sabbath in the moral code of Christianity. It was not without great difficulty that our author discovered the abiding-place of this extraordinary sect: their chapel lies in Mill Yard in the district known as Goodman's Fields; and their minister, described in the Post-office Directory, as "antiquary and record agent," had, as it were, to be dug out. The account of this proceeding is picturesque enough. "High gates, with a wicket, lay between Nos. 14 and 16. I opened it, and straightway found myself at the door of the minister's house; a green churchyard was in front of me, studded with gravestones, and filled with most unexpected trees, bounded on one side by the quaintest of old school-houses; on another, by antique cottages; and on a third, as an anti-climax, by the only symptom of the nineteenth century visible—the arches of the Blackwall Railway. I seemed to leave the waking world behind, and pass into the region of dreamland, as the wicket closed. It reminded me forcibly of scenes in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. Nor was the effect removed when the minister presented himself at my summons. A venerable scholar-like old man, arrayed in clerical black, and with a long

white beard, received me most courteously, and begged me to wait in the vestry until service-time. Here we engaged in conversation, and I found that this is the only place of worship for the particular body in London; there being, in fact, only one other in England. On the wall was a tablet referring to a fire which had occurred here in 1690, when the meeting-house was rebuilt. In this fire, the minister told me, a large and valuable collection of manuscripts of the Sacred Text had been lost—a loss he was doing his best to retrieve by making another collection. Mr. Black also informed me that the body of Seventh-day Baptists, though so small in point of numbers in England, is largely represented in America, where the University of Alfred belongs to them, and two colleges. Their journal is the *Sabbath-day Recorder*; a copy of which he presented to me. While engaged in conversation of this kind, the hour for service drew on. I noticed that Mr. Black bore with him, for use in the pulpit, a Greek Harmony of the Gospels, with a Latin running commentary. I certainly had not been prepared for this. I expected to find some illiterate minister, with a hobby ridden to death; when lo! I found myself in the presence of a profound scholar and most courteous gentleman, who informed me that he thought in Latin, said his prayers in Hebrew, and read his New Testament lessons from the original Greek."

The particulars of the chapel-service are interesting. The portion of the psalm was given out under its Hebrew title "Letter Vau;" and the effect of the preacher's Hebrew pronunciation of the proper names in the old Testament was most curious. Long quotations were also given in the sacred language, and quite a lengthy discussion was introduced on the subject of the "dimidiated Vau." It seems incredible that a congregation "who didn't look learned" could have followed this, yet our author says their attention did not flag. To a stranger, however, such phrases as "Render to Kaisar the things that are Kaisar's," and "Fetch me a denarius," must have been novelties sufficiently exciting.

In the sermon there were noble passages, quite free from sectarian bias, and breathing the widest charity; and it concluded with the invocation of a blessing "on all honest and sincere persons of whatever nation or profession," and a prayer that "all may be fitted for a nobler and purer state of society, and have

their share in the First Resurrection." So eloquent and earnest was the preacher, that even he who came to "report" seems to have remained to pray. So far all had gone well, when at 4.30 P.M.—the service having commenced at 3—there began another discourse, during which, "I am sorry to say, most of the female portion of the congregation (6) fell asleep, and the (5) children undisguisedly had a game among the hassocks." Well may our author say that this was among the strangest of his experiences in unorthodox London. As to the peculiar tenets of the sect, there was little said, only Mr. Black insisted "Saturday is still the Sabbath in common law. If parliament sat upon that day, its proceedings would be noted 'Sabbati.' It is only in statute law that Sunday is made the Sabbath." So, after all, the only true Sabbatharians are "the ancient Sabbath-keeping congregation in Mill Yard, Goodman's Fields."

There is even a smaller sect in London than this, namely, the disciples of Joanna Southcote, who could once be counted by the thousand, and included more than one distinguished name. To discover them now, our author had "to act upon information received," as though they belonged to the criminal classes; and even then, when he thought he had come upon their "local habitation," it was only to find that "the Joannas," as they were disrespectfully termed by the unregenerate, had "moved on." At last, he ran them to earth at one Mr. Peacock's, a cooper, in Trafalgar Street, Walworth, who welcomed him civilly enough, and without the suspicion unhappily evinced towards our special commissioner by too many professors of these strange creeds. "The saints," he said, had been a good deal "drove about" by the Walworth improvements, which he seemed to consider as a special machination of Satan, and at last had been compelled to take refuge beneath his humble roof. The colloquy respecting the circumstances of this sect and its tenets took place in a dark passage between the shop and back parlour, with the head and shirt-sleeves of Mr. Peacock protruding from the half-opened door. "At length I heard a voice, which I fancied was a female one, suggesting that I should be asked in; and with an apology for the smallness of the gathering, and the humble character of the sanctum, Mr. Peacock owned the soft impeachment that a meeting was even now going on, and, having opened the door, and handed me a chair, he returned to an

operation my advent had interrupted—that, namely, of lacing his boots! The meeting was certainly a select one, as I found I only made number four. Besides Mr. Peacock himself, there was an old infirm woman occupying a cosy chair in the corner, and she was introduced to me as Mrs. Peacock. She was, I fancy, the proprietor's mother; and I afterwards discovered she was a sort of Elisha to the deceased Joanna, at least upon her own showing. 'I've been in the battle fifty year, since Joanna died,' she said: 'I'm an old campaigner, sir.' A simple man, well advanced in years too, with spectacles on nose, was reading from the *Sealed Prophecies* of Joanna, a remarkable combination of prose and verse, which gave one rather the idea of alternate pages taken from the prophecies of Ezekiel and the History of John Gilpin."

At the first convenient opportunity our commissioners put the question on which, as it seemed to him, the faith of the followers of Joanna appeared to hinge—namely, how was it that their hopes did not collapse when the true cause of that good lady's indisposition was revealed by a *post mortem* examination? "They smiled at my heathen ignorance, and pointing to the old lady in the corner, the two men said: 'There are our hopes. Mrs. Peacock has taken Joanna's place.'" Motives of delicacy prevented our commissioner from hinting at the unlikelihood of a family at the old lady's advanced age: but she perceived his difficulty, and at once relieved him from embarrassment by observing: "It isn't a material birth as we look for, but a spiritual one." Satan's "indictment," she went on to tell him, "was now ready, and a jury of twelve saints were almost very literally to sit upon him. I'm expecting it every day, sir, every hour." She had published an address to the bishops, dated, as usual with her, from "the Royal Manger," which had been sent in the form of a letter to Lambeth, Fulham and other episcopal residences; but no reply had been received upon the matter; though, on the other hand, she felt convinced that a person who had once called upon her, soon afterwards, disguised in a wig, wide-awake, and mean attire, was no other than the Archbishop of Canterbury. Nor had they been more successful with other branches of the church; "our" Mr. Peacock being especially aggrieved with Mr. Spurgeon, to whom he said he had made a mild appeal at a Tabernacle tea-party; the result of which

was that the great preacher retired unceremoniously, while his deacons expelled Mr. P. from the premises by force.

Of Mr. Spurgeon, our author has much to tell that is really new to the world at large. "The Tabernacle" is, it seems, by no means the mere "preaching-shop" it is generally supposed to be; "it is a perfect hive of busy workers from seven every morning until night. The rooms behind and under the vast edifice are appropriated to the use of the pastor's college, where young men are trained for the ministry without expense." In one room which our daring commissioner explores, he discovers twenty young ladies at a Bible-class; and in another, "thirty or forty young men celebrating the Lord's Supper." In the spacious rooms below, tables were being laid for sixteen hundred for tea! Mr. Spurgeon, as he himself confessed, is a sort of Pope over all these people, and though without claiming infallibility, he has probably made fewer mistakes than the one who does. His success he attributes entirely to the power of prayer. Even "gifts" of a material sort drop in answer to his appeals, and that in abundance. One lady—a member too of another religious body—gave him twenty thousand pounds to found his Orphanage at Stockwell, where two hundred and twenty boys are boarded, clothed, and taught. On more than one occasion, two thousand pounds have been dropped into his letter-box anonymously. When recently attacked by illness, he began to think the funds might suffer through the absence of his ministrations, but that same evening a lady left five hundred pounds at his door, and one thousand pounds came in immediately afterwards. With all this, he is a modest man, and speaks of himself, accurately enough, indeed, as "no scholar." But his eloquence and genuine humour are beyond question. His mighty temple, which holds six thousand persons, is filled in every nook and corner every Sunday to hear him preach.

He lends it once a year to the Primitive Methodists to hold therein their missionary meeting, and the Tabernacle "on the Rant," as it is euphoniouly termed, is very curious spectacle indeed. All the speakers were interrupted by the utterances, like pistol-shots, of "Hallelujah" and "Glory to God," which proved very disconcerting to our reverend commissioner. A proposal to swell the already large income of the mission, by getting every one in the connection to abandon

beer and tobacco, was received with volleys of these ejaculations, concerning which Dr. Davies tells an excellent story: "A lady sat at a Primitive Methodist Chapel close by a poor man who was remarkably ill shod, and whose exclamations were in inverse proportion to his shoe-leather. He kept crying out 'Glory be to God!' until he quite annoyed her; and, on leaving chapel, the lady told him such was the case, promising him a new pair of boots if he would restrain himself within due bounds. He did so for several days; but afterwards some particularly exciting cause occurred, and he started up in chapel, shouting out: 'Boots or no boots, glory be to God!'" Some of the preachers had considerable eloquence, but the letter *h* was never in use except where it ought not to be. The conclusion of the chief divine seemed to be, that there were at present seven hundred millions of human beings whose future must be despaired of, and though there were nominally nearly half that number of Christians, many of them were very "dark." This gentleman was great at quoting hymns; and as some familiar line struck their ears, his listeners would cry out, like the intelligent small boy in a *tried* *voce* class: "*I know it: Hallelujah!*" whereupon he entreated them to restrain themselves till the end of each verse, "and then cry hallelujah as much as they liked." There was one really striking illustration of the numerical strength of the Connection. "Once in every six hours the pearly gates of heaven are thrown back for a Primitive Methodist to pass behind them." And the belief of these remarkable people seems to be that they are thrown back for nobody else.

A place of worship very different from the Tabernacle, and imposing from quite other reasons, is the Irvingite Chapel in Gordon Square. The disciples, indeed, of the great Edward are not numerous; the apostolate itself, restored by the prophetic call in 1832 to its original number of twelve, has now dwindled down to three; but the splendours of ceremonial still survive, and attract the curious. At the week-day evening service, our commissioner counted no less than fourteen persons "in vestments;" while the number of the congregation — this, however, was in their church at Paddington Green — was but twenty: like the American army, the colonels almost outnumbered the privates, but unlike it the uniforms were superb. "The Angel" — not the

one at Islington, but the Head of the Church — was in a rich purple cope: the sacrificial garments were of white satin, embroidered with gold; there were ministers in black tippets, and ministers in white tippets, and ministers in short surplices with coloured stoles. The musical performances were magnificent, and there was a special prayer "for the low estate of the church." But there were no "prophetic utterances;" and if there were any "unknown tongues," our commissioner did not hear them.

From the performances in Gordon Square to High Mass in Southwark, there is but a small step, and we will not pursue the indefatigable Dr. Davies thither. The Passionist Fathers at Highgate; the West London Synagogue; the "Plumstead Peculiars" — people that won't call in a doctor, though when tried for manslaughter for their neglect of their sick they call in a lawyer to defend them; the Sandemanians, a mild and tearful sect, who seem to suffer greatly from depression; the Christadelphians; the Jumpers — who don't die: "No, sir," said one of their chief priests, "we have never given the undertaker a job yet, and don't mean to;" and yet the Connection is seven years old, and numbers some two hundred in London; all these and a score of other sects were investigated by our author and reported on. We have only space, however, for a brief notice of two of them; and among all these various congregations it would perhaps be hard to find any more dissimilar — the felonious flock presided over by the famous Ned Wright, and the Quakers. The account which is given us of these latter is by no means what most of us would expect: the starch seems to have been taken out of them of late years in a marvellous degree. The young ladies of the congregation are described as not being Quakerish at all: "silks rustled up the narrow aisle," by no means of that hue of silver gray which was once distinctive of the sect; the bonnets were as "killing" as in any fashionable church; and "I noticed upon the ungloved hand of a youthful Quaker matron considerably more jewelled circlets than the wedding-ring and keeper." The men had in many cases long beards, and some "quite a rakish-looking moustache." At eleven o'clock, the "silent service" commenced: how the boys and girls were kept dumb and unoccupied seems little short of a miracle, but so all remained for *nearly an hour!* In the life of the author of

the *Ingoldsby Legends*, there is a most humorous anecdote of himself and Theodore Hook buying a bun of pantomimic proportions, and proposing it as a prize for the Quaker, who, under these circumstances, should speak first; in the present case it was a lady who would have earned the bun. She delivered a brief but practical address; after which was more silence. Then suddenly, at the stroke of one, "hats were reassumed, and a general shaking of hands commenced with animated conversation and every appearance of relief from conscious restraint."

To attend the ministrations of Ned Wright — unless one is a convicted thief — requires a special invitation. His congregation is naturally jealous lest, under the pretence of curiosity or piety, some policeman should attend the service and pick out the man who is "wanted;" but our reverend commissioner contrived to obtain admittance without qualifying himself for the Old Bailey. He procured a card of welcome, which ran as follows: "Mission Hall, Hales Street, High Street, Deptford. Admit the bearer to Ned Wright's supper for men and boys who have been convicted of felony. Doors open at 5.30. Supper at 6 precisely." On the back of the card was written: "Please take care that this ticket does not fall into the hands of detectives, and oblige yours truly, Edward Wright." Upon reaching the neighbourhood of the Mission Hall, our author was much importuned for cards by the male population, who, although, alas! with every qualification to be of the congregation, are much too numerous, it seems, for the limits of the pastor's hospitality. In the chapel were seated about a hundred guests, "from the lad of eleven who had served his seven days in Maidstone Jail, to the gray-haired and sturdy culprit who had 'done' three terms of penal servitude." Most of these gentry had got very short hair indeed. "A curly-wigged little chap of ten was seated on a back bench; and though my unpractised eye did not notice his exuberant *chevelure*, his cleanliness and prettiness led me to say: 'Surely, Mr. Wright, that boy is not a thief?' 'You shall see,' said Ned. He went to the boy, and asked him: 'Are you a thief?' 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply, with a ready statement of the offence which had got him seven days in Maidstone jail. 'Now, what did you sleep on when you were there, my boy?' 'Policemen's jackets, sir.' 'And how did

you travel to Maidstone? Did they take you in a coach and pair?' asked Ned. 'Yes, sir,' faltered the lad, evidently nonplussed. 'Ah! you can go out, my boy; I knew you were not a thief.' The practised eye had spotted him in a moment. He lacked, not the white wedding-robe, but the black qualification of conviction for crime, and so was walked out into the darkness. Ned tells me he has constantly to be on his guard against this kind of fraud. To get one of those paper-bags now being handed round, each containing half a loaf and a bun, with a jorum of soup that is to follow, men and boys will assume a 'virtue' though they have it not; but they have no chance with Ned. He has been through it all himself, and is still as sharp as a nail."

After supper commenced the spiritual work, which, though admirable in itself, was still curiously mixed up with material and practical arguments. First, a gentleman from Port Arthur described in a graphic manner the miseries of convict-life, and how he had been besought by one who suffered from it "to go and speak to the Deptford boys;" and then "Ned" followed with his homely eloquence, the burden of which was, not only that thieving was sinful, but that it *never pays*. "You thieves," cried he boldly, "are all cowards and fools." They need not be offended, since he had been one himself, as he at once proceeded to tell them. At the great fire at Cotton's Wharf, Ned was following the calling of a lighter-man, and, coming down stream at the time, ran his barge ashore, stole a boat, and filled his pockets with money by rowing people at a shilling a head up and down to see the fire. "What was the consequence?" asked he. "Why, next morning, I found myself lying dead drunk in a gutter in Tooley Street, with my pockets empty." He next heard from a pal that the fat had run down the gratings into the sewers, where it had hardened, and was to be had for the taking. Ned and five others got sacks from a rag-shop, and lanterns, and worked their way through the sewer, up to their middles in water, to where the fat was lying thick on the surface, "like a tub of butter cut in two." In his eagerness to reach it, Ned outstripped the rest, and, just as he was nearing it, one of his mates opened his lantern to light a pipe. This caught the sewer-gas, and ignited the fat between him and his companions. He stood there, and vowed to God, if he got out, he would alter his course; ther

plunging into the water, he swam *under the fire*, and got back safely. "Just so," he said, "you are brave when being 'jollied' by your pals, but cowards when in the silent cell. You are fools, too. You get nothing out of your thieving. A lad in this room stole a pair of boots, worth five shillings and sixpence, and sold them for one penny; another, a jug worth one shilling, for which he got a halfpenny." Then a hymn was sung, to the tune of "Just before the battle, mother;" and on went Ned again, actually forcing the fellows to listen to him with his tremendous lung-power and peculiar habit of dropping down on any "larky" listener. "Look you here!" he said. "There was a fellow kicking at the door just now. I went out, and found a chap as big and ugly as myself, and pinched his nose rather hard. You wouldn't do that if I was along-side you." He ended with a really eloquent though homely picture of Christ crucified between two thieves, and taking one with him to Paradise. "The devil says," he concluded, "'Can God have such fellows as you in heaven?' Yes, He can. I have been worse than any of you. Before I was seventeen, I fought young Cooper of Redhill for two hours and twenty minutes, was flogged in her Majesty's navy, and tried and convicted at Newgate for felony. I came, like that thief, to Jesus Christ. Take my word for it, thieving don't pay."

After all was over, many staid "to speak with Ned," and as it really seemed—for nothing more was to be got to eat—with sincere intentions of amendment. Some were still strong and hopeful for the future; others "utterly heart-broken at the idea of anybody taking notice of them." At all events, as our author well remarks, these living bundles of rags, dirty and shock-headed though they were, afforded a happy contrast—there, on their bended knees, or recalling from old Sunday-school days snatches of old hymns—to the shouting rabble kicking at the door without.

There are in Dr. Davies's volume many more graphic descriptions, and curious illustrations of the variety of our forms of creed: most of these sects seem earnest, genuine, and well-conducted in their relations to their fellow-creatures; the majority of them are confident not only that their narrow formulas contain all that man's spiritual nature demands, but that its food is to be found nowhere else. The lesson that our author de-

scribes the investigations of them as having taught himself, is one of Tolerance and Charity; and even if missing that, these revelations of "Unorthodox London" cannot fail, as it seems to us, to be interesting to every thoughtful mind.

From Nature.

MINERS' RULES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

ON looking over a package of old papers I have found some documents, of which I enclose copies, written by a German miner, named Brandshagen, who was employed by my ancestor, Sir Philip Egerton, to superintend the attempt to work copper in the New Red Sandstone strata of Cheshire in the year 1697. As the *rules* for miners of that age afford so strong a contrast to the *unruly* behaviour of that class at the present day, they may perhaps interest some of the readers of NATURE. P. DE M. GREY-EGERTON.

Worthy & most honourable Sir,—

Your worship give most humbly thanks for employment meself and my countrymen about your Worship mines, which I have enjoyed now above 4 weekes, & not to be att all further unacquainted unto your Worship, I could not forbear to give a true & plain account of what I have observed in this time about these mines, as good as my smal understanding in ye English language would permit, & if it was in any way acceptable then my wishes & desires where fulfilled. I have this time also endeavoured to blow up ye rocks by guns powder, as the best way to kill them, butt in ye first time I found ye elements as aire & water where against my designe, ye last I have conquered, and hope I shall do so ye other next time when I have occasion for it. I found also some other small things which would not so soon agree with my hands, for there are many years past, that I did work under ground with my owne hands, butt all these things are now deceased, onely that I was lately too covetous & would have more rocks blown up then my powder was able to; what other blasts for effect have done, your Worship can be informed of it by Mr. Smith. I shall endeavour all what is in my power to serve your Worship with that understanding I have about mines to which I have employed meself now above 15 year, in spending a great deal of money as well

for learning as travelling in many places in Europe where good mines where, to come to any perfection in this art. I have received now my things for examination of ye oare, which I will doe as soon as possibly I can come to it in this desolate place, where nothing in ye world is to be had for any commodities what soever it may be, & whilst we are strangers here, & must buy all things for ready, it is impossible to life of what your Worship has allowed unto us & therefore I doubt not your Worship will make a distinction between workmen & workmen, with which I recommend me into your Worship' favour allways remaining Your Worship most humble Servant,

J. A. BRANDSHAGEN.

Bickerton, Sept. ye 24th, 1697
For the Right Honourable Sr Phillipp Egerton, Knt., these.

Rules for all Workmen in general.

One of every Workmen he may be of what sort he will shall come half an hour before ye duely time & give a certain number of strucks with a hammer on an Iron plate, erected to this purpose, to give a Signe to ye other workmen to come att work, half an hour after he shall doe so att a second time by an other number of strucks & shall streike no more then ye duely strucks by forfeiting 2d., he has ye same signes to give all day when ye miners shall come out & goe under ground again, & this shall doe one workman after an other from day to day, & he who has done ye businesse this day shall remember to his follower that he has to doe ye same next day, & he that wilfully neglected these remembrance shall be punished together with him that shall doe this businesse next day (if he neglect it) for he himself must be careful about ye time & day to doe this, & he that shall give ye signs too late, has forfeited 6d., & he that shall not doe it att all shall loose all his wages, due to him, & by consent of ye mines Lords shall be turned of from ye work.

In ye morning before ye last struck is done on ye Iron plate every workman belonging to ye mines must appeare to ye appointed place near ye work, or he has forfeited 2d., & he that comes half-an-hour after, 2d. more, & so following for every half-an-hour 2d., and this is understood of all times when ye signe is given.

When they are together they may doe a short prayer that God may give his blessing to their work, that it may raise

to ye honour & glory of him, & to ye benefit & blessinesse of ye mines Lords & their whole familie.

After this every one must goe to his post, & diligently performe to what ye steward shall order him, in doing ye contrary he shall be duely punished, & he who shall leave ye work within ye duely hours & before ye signe is given, shall loose 6d. or for every half-an-hour 2d. as ye steward shall think fitt, & he that is found neglectfull shall every time have forfeited 2d.

When it is pay-day, every workman before he gett money must shew to ye steward his tools and other things what is trusted in his hand by ye lost of all his wages, & if there should want any of such things, he must leave so much money of his wages as it is worthy in ye stewards hand till he restores ye same.

He that hindered one an other in his work it may be in what way it will, either by ill words, quarreling or in other ways, must duely be punished as ye steward thinks fitt, because every one must be quiet with his work; have they any thing one against an other they may bring it before ye steward, or cleare their things after ye work is done att an other place.

No body shall be permitted without leave of ye steward to take any oare away for a shewing piece, or under any other pretext, but he may ye same aske from ye steward & be content with that he gives him, and if any should doe ye contrary, he is so heigh to punish as ye steward shall think sufficient.

No body shall bring any person or persons not belonging to ye mines, either under ground or at any other place where ye oares or other things are, without permission of ye steward, & that by ye penalty of one shilling.

Every man must be in a Christian-like behaviour, and he that speakes blasphemies, or gives scandales, or does other things near ye mines with which God is offended, shall every time be punished with 4d. or more according to his crime.

When it is pay-day every one must be of a modest behaviour against ye steward, and must not murmur against him when his wages is decurted for punishment, butt must bring his complaints (if he has any against it) before ye mines Lord, if nevertheless that he has gotten his wages, he must not go from ye steward away, till ye whole payment is done, & can give wnesse that every one has received his due.

No workmen shall make more holy days in ye year besides ye Sunday, then ye Lords of ye mines shall allow them, or

shall be punished as one that leaves ye work for a whole day.

He that turned ye hour glasse in a wrong way shall loose one shilling.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY.—In ancient times there lived a man Shien. During a travelling tour he had occasion to rest the night at a road-house. The weather was insufferably hot, and within the room musquitos swarmed by thousands. Shien fortunately had provided himself with curtains, but unfortunately the curtains were insufficient to resist the enemy. His efforts to keep them out were in vain, sounds of buzzing in unpleasant proximity still continued, and writhing under the intolerable torment of their stings, his thoughts transplanted themselves to his own peaceful home. He reflected on the spacious halls, cool couches, and the crowd of handmaids to fan and wait on their lord; and, continued he to himself, how is it that I should have suffered one moment of *ennui* in such a paradise? Why leave to seek pleasure and find misery abroad? During these meditations he observed the keeper of the post, who had no curtains, pacing the room with the musquitos swarming around him. But what seemed to him inexplicable was that the man still appeared to be in perfect good humour. Shien, still writhing in misery, exclaimed: "My good fellow, you are one hundred times worse off than myself, but how is it that while I am in torment of mind you on the contrary seem happy?" The keeper replied: "Sir, I have just been recalling to mind the position I was once placed in; when a prisoner, bound hand and foot, I was a helpless prey to these murderous insects, unable to move a muscle, they preyed on me with impunity and the agony was unbearable. It was the contrast of that horrible period with my present condition that produced that feeling of contentedness within me." Shien was startled by the mine of philosophy herein unfolded. Would, he thought, that the world in ordinary life would but daily keep in mind, and carry out such a principle of analogy. How vast then would be the result to man!

North China Herald.

BARON STOCKMAR AT COURT.—Stockmar had a wife and children in Coburg, but if he spent six months in the year with them it was the utmost that he could expect, and sometimes years passed in unbroken separation from them. But he claimed as a return for

his long visits an entire exemption from court etiquette. He had a room to himself in every one of the palaces at London, Windsor, and Osborne, and thither, whenever they wanted his society, Prince Albert and the Royal children used to come. Stockmar took court life very easily. His greatest exertion in this respect consisted in joining the Royal dinner-table when the Queen dined, and even on these occasions he, being chilly from bad health, was privileged to wear trousers instead of the official "shorts," which were ill-suited to his thin legs. When the Queen had risen from table, and after holding a circle had sat down again to tea, Stockmar would generally be seen walking straight through the drawing-room and retiring to his apartment, there to study his own comfort. That he should sacrifice the latter to etiquette was not expected of him, as for months together he was a guest in the house, and his exceptional position was so well recognized, that these deviations from courtly usage did not give offence, even in public. When the spring came, Stockmar suddenly disappeared. He hated taking leave, and his room would some fine morning be found empty. Then letters would follow him to Coburg, complaining of his faithlessness, and the summer generally brought requests that he would soon return.

DIVINE BLESSING.—A good man fearing God shall find his blessing upon him. It is true, that the portion of men fearing God is not in this life; oftentimes he meets with crosses, afflictions, and troubles in it; his portion is of a higher and more excellent state and condition than this life; yet a man that fears God hath also his blessing in this life, even in relation to his very temporal condition. For, either his honest and just intentions and endeavours are blessed with success and comfort, or if they be not, yet even his crosses and disappointments are turned into a blessing; for they make him more humble and less esteeming in this present world, and setting his heart upon a better. For it is an everlasting truth, that all things shall work together for the best, to them that love and fear Almighty God, and therefore, certainly such a man is the wisest man.

Sir Matthew Hale.